

# THE LIVING AGE.

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VOL. CCXLVIII

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## THE ESCAPE.

The bolt's from the door—let us rise  
and go!

What shall we take?—a violin,  
Poems in plenty, a coin or so  
And a leather purse to hold them in!

Down the highway and up the street,  
And the whole will make a beautiful  
song:  
Ah! the merry heart and the heart's  
wild beat,  
And the mirth in the eyes that had  
wept too long!

And now all tunes that ever you play,  
And the wise things said by your  
fiddle-strings  
Are perfectly sure to come true some  
day:  
And you and I will be Queens and  
Kings!

*Lady Margaret Sackville.*  
Pall Mall Magazine.

## UP THAMES.

In the time of wild roses  
As up Thames we travelled,  
Where mid water-weeds ravelled  
The lily uncloses,

To his old shores the river  
A new song was singing,  
And young shoots were springing  
On old roots for ever.

Dog-daisies were dancing.  
And flags flamed in cluster.  
On the dark stream a lustre  
Now blurred and now glancing.

A tall reed down-weighing,  
The sedge-warbler fluttered;  
One sweet note he uttered,  
Then left it soft-swaying.

By the bank's sandy hollow  
My dipt oars went beating,  
And past our bows fleeting  
Blue-backed shone the swallow.

High woods, hern-haunted,  
Rose, changed, as we rounded

Old hills greenly mounded,  
To meadows enchanted,

A dream ever moulded  
Afresh for our wonder,  
Still opening asunder  
For the stream many-folded;

Till sunset wasrimming  
The West with pale flushes;  
Behind the black rushes  
The last light was dimming;

And the lonely stream, hiding  
Shy birds, grew more lonely,  
And with us was only  
The noise of our gliding.

In cloud of gray weather  
The evening o'erdarkened.  
In the stillness we hearkened;  
Our hearts sang together.

*Laurence Binyon.*

The Academy.

## A LULLABY.

(From the Panjabi.)

Where does the Cuckoo sleep, Baby?  
Down by the great stone tank.  
Where the lizards bask in the sunshine,  
and the monkeys play on the bank.  
Where does the peacock sleep, Baby?  
Out in the jungle grass,  
Where the jackals howl in the evening,  
and parrots scream as they pass.

What does the peacock drink, Baby?  
Cream from somebody's cup:  
And if somebody isn't careful, the  
peacock will drink it all up.  
What does the Cuckoo drink, Baby?  
Milk from somebody's pan:  
So run and stop the rascal as quick as  
ever you can.

What does the Cuckoo eat, Baby?  
Candy and all that's nice,  
And great round balls of brown sugar  
speckled with silver and spice.  
What does the peacock eat, Baby?  
Lollipops all day long:  
But Baby must go to sleep now, for  
this is the end of the song.

*C. F. Usborne.*

## LORD GRANVILLE'S LIFE.\*

This is not only an interesting and readable book, but, as indeed was to be expected, a permanently valuable contribution to our political history. As a story of Government by Cabinet it must always rank high. Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice, in his short preface, modestly deprecates any comparison being made with Mr. Morley's *Life of Gladstone*, but the wary and experienced reader, with a knowledge painfully garnered in all corners of the library, will not easily be affected by a mere comparison of political "values." A life, were it obtainable, of the lesser Ajax, might easily prove more illuminating by reason of its frank disclosures about the Trojan war than would the life of the greater of the sons of Telamon. From the biographical point of view Lord Granville is an easier subject than Mr. Gladstone, whose outlook upon the world was through strangely colored and partially obscured glasses, and whose comments and judgments upon men and things were not readily made comprehensible to ordinary people. Lord Granville is easily understood and very frank, "without romance or mystery," and no careful reader of these two volumes—and they deserve the most careful reading—can lay them down without having learnt much of the inner working of our Constitution, and how Government by Cabinet was carried on during the latter half of the last century.

It is a wide subject and, like all wide subjects of a sublunary description, very suggestive of reflections of a gloomy nature, and particularly of the reflection, gloomy enough in all con-

science, that the problems presented by the politics of Europe and Asia are very much beyond the capacities of the men who actually are dealing with them, or by any possibility can be called upon to deal with them.

I cordially agree with Lord Rosebery that efficiency should not be called a *catch-word*. It should rather be a *watch-word* throughout the public service. None the less, after a course of political biographies and memoirs, efficiency almost ceases to be a word at all. It becomes a dream, an elusive shadow,

The nympholepsy of some fond despair. Cardinal Newman, who had a mischievous love of making Englishmen very uncomfortable by driving things home, wrote some letters to the *Times* in 1855 which may still be read in *Discussions and Arguments* on this very matter, and arrived at the disagreeable conclusion that we cannot get out of *routine* without getting out of the Constitution. "You cannot eat your cake and have it. You cannot be at once a self-governing nation and have a strong Government."

Were the choice really between freedom and inefficiency I should have no doubt how to vote, for without freedom, efficiency, even if it could be maintained, would not be worth having. Better be free and muddle along somehow, than be in the iron grasp of the most efficient of drill masters. But the Cardinal and Mr. John Morley (a formidable pair) notwithstanding, Lord Rosebery is usefully employed in preaching efficiency, for at least some small measure of it ought

\* "The Life of Granville George Leveson Gower, Second Earl Granville, K.G.," (1815-1891). By

Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice, with portraits. In two vols. Longmans, Green & Co.

to be compatible with the very moderate amount of freedom to govern themselves Englishmen enjoy under our Constitution as at present worked.

Lord Granville was born with the proverbial gold spoon in his mouth. He was never required to struggle with anything more violent than the contending vanities of his colleagues in the Cabinet. He was, as he once told an attentive House of Lords, a Gower, a Cavendish and a Howard; and from one of these noble stocks, perhaps as the result of a felicitous combination of all three, he inherited a happy sunny temperament. He was from his childhood both pleasant and pleasing, two words to which he (I think rightly) attached different meanings. Possessing these qualities himself he was a keen critic of those who were less happily endowed. His education was fortunate, without being in the least degree strenuous, and though both at Eton and Oxford he never belonged typically to either of these places. He was the product of diplomacy, and in Paris, where his father was long ambassador, he early learnt to talk French, not only with courage, but idiomatically, with a French accent. This rare accomplishment made him from the first a marked man in English politics. Eton taught him to leave off reading, a habit, however, he quickly resumed after leaving school to go to a private tutor to prepare him for "smalls." At Oxford he did *not* read "Butler's Analogy," but as he took a bachelor's degree this negative statement cannot cover the whole course of his studies. From a Teutonic point of view Lord Granville's easy life at school and university may seem vulnerable, but though serious faults have been found with Lord Granville as a Foreign Minister, it has never been suggested that these faults would have been cured by a harder course of reading. The fine qualities known as

*insight and grip* are not born in class rooms, but belong to character, and are usually as noticeable in the nursery as on the battlefield or at the Seats of Empire.

Lord Granville, having been born in 1815, was obviously ripe for Parliament in 1837. "For the son of Lord Granville and the grandson of Lord Gower, a seat in the House of Commons was easily found, and in the last year of the first Parliament which had been elected under the Reform Act, Lord Leveson, at a bye-election, became Member for Morpeth, a borough where Lord Grey had influence, a vacancy having opportunely arisen, owing to the Hon. Edward Howard, the sitting member, having accepted the Chiltern Hundreds on receiving the command of a ship." (Vol. I. 26.) The Morpeth seat was held by a precarious tenure, the bargain being, that whenever the seafaring relative wanted it back again he was to have it, and he did want it back again in February, 1840, and Lord Leveson had to make way; but in the meantime he had managed to make a successful maiden speech, to move the Address and to emit some judicious observations on a Tithe Bill. Probably no effort of human genius receives such instantaneous and overwhelmingly generous a meed of praise as a successful speech made by a member of the House of Commons in the early hours of his membership. We can read to-day how Lord Leveson's maiden speech was skilfully pilfered from *sotto voce* remarks made by his neighbor in the debate who was intending to speak himself; but it matters not now. "Lord Leveson sat down amid loud cheers and was warmly congratulated by Mr. Charles Wood who followed him in debate"; Lord John Russell was known to approve, and the fame of the speech reached Paris where "we hear of no less a person than the Princesse de

Lieven gasping for breath and crying over the young speech, and of the Chancellerie of the Paris Embassy making preparations to chair the new member in the courtyard on his return." (Vol. I. 27.) The successful orator was promptly made Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, having the redoubtable "Pam" for his first chief. In 1840 Lord Leveson married the widow of Sir John Acton, thus becoming the stepfather of that miracle of reading, the first Lord Acton. At the General Election of 1841 he failed to secure his return for South Staffordshire, but shortly afterwards came in for Lichfield, and from 1841 to 1846, when his father's death removed him to the House of Lords he was a not very active member of the Whig Opposition. With Lord John Russell's return to office in 1846 Lord Granville once again began to mount the ladder of promotion. It was rapid enough; Master of the Buckhounds, Vice President of the new Board of Trade (much to the disgust of Mr. Bright who was himself destined to become the least efficient President that Board has ever known), Paymaster General, and "before the last days of 1851 were over Lord Granville found himself installed in the chair in Downing Street whence Lord Palmerston had defied his colleagues, had flouted his Sovereign, had dominated Europe, and had made himself the idol of the British middle classes and the object of the intense hatred of all those whom the First Napoleon had comprehensively described as *les vieux pantalons de la diplomatie.*"

To be Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs at 36 years of age was quick work, and proves at the very least Lord Granville's extreme suitability for his environment. Mr. Canning, in very different circumstances, achieved the same feat.

I will not attempt to trace Lord

Granville's subsequent career step by step.

When the Crimean War began, Lord Granville was President of the Council in Lord Aberdeen's Administration. Dr. Johnson was fond of asseverating that he never desired to hear again of the Punic War. Most Englishmen will say the same of the Crimean War. But the reader of Lord Granville's *Life* must be content to hear of it once more, and to extract from the melancholy account such benefit as he may. The policy of the war need not disturb us. It was easy for Lord Salisbury to say long years afterwards that we put our money on the wrong horse; but there is pertinence in Lord Edmund's rejoinder, "Was Russia the right horse?" The lesson of the Crimean War does not lie in its confused policy, but in its conduct—in the lamentable absence of brains. If the famous military *dictum* be true, that no nation in its senses enters into a war if it can help it, without knowing what it is to get out of the war and how it is going to get it, Great Britain has never been in its senses since the days of the Lord High Protector who was his own Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary.

A few extracts from Lord Granville's letters and diaries will be enough to make the most callous shiver.

"The present moment is an anxious and a critical one. We are about to break off negotiations for peace on grounds which will be disapproved by a small but intelligent majority in England, and by overwhelming majorities in France and Austria. I believe, for reasons it is not necessary to recapitulate, we are quite right to do so, but always with one proviso, that we see reasonable hope of prosecuting the war with success. Such an expectation must rest upon there being somewhere a plan of operations, and one which is likely to be executed with vigor and

*ensemble.* I am not sure that the leading members of the Government, with the exception of Lord Clarendon, are sufficiently impressed with this view. I am sure none have at present a comprehensive plan to submit to the Conference over which Your Royal Highness (Prince Albert) and the Emperor will preside at Windsor. The only recent instructions which I know of as being addressed to the English commanders were issued after a loose conversation in the Cabinet as to the importance of taking Kertch. . . . There seems to be much misunderstanding between the two Commanders in Chief in the Crimea, who neither of them appear to have any imagination, or invention, or the power of forming for themselves plans based on general instructions from home." (Vol. I. 104.)

"A loose conversation in the Cabinet" is an ugly phrase.

Writing to the Duke of Argyll in May, 1855, Lord Granville says:—"The Siege of Sebastopol has hitherto been a failure. We have generals whom we do not trust and whom we do not know how to replace. We have an Ambassador at Constantinople, an able man, a cat whom no one cares to bell, whom some think a principal cause of the war, others the cause of some of the calamities which have attended the conduct of the war, and whom we know to have thwarted or neglected many of the objects of his Government." (Vol. I. 107.)

By the irony of events Simpson took Sebastopol!

In January, 1856, Lord Granville had a conversation with Prince Albert. "The Prince attributes to the want of philosophical training the principal deficiency in English statesmen. They never look at any subject as part of a whole. He instanced the administration of the Army and Navy. Nobody ever asked themselves the question, 'Why we wanted an Army?' And

then, 'What that Army should be?'" (Vol. I. 140.) No wonder the Prince was unpopular.

Lord Panmure, the Minister of War who was called "Mars" by his jeering colleagues, does not impress one by his table-talk. "Panmure is still in bed with gout. I saw him yesterday reading a book of Scotch divinity, very pompous and oracular on literature and politics. 'Macaulay's history is not a history; it is merely pot-house gossip.' I am neither warlike nor peaceable, but I say that if we cannot have an honorable peace we must have a bloody war." Panmure himself supplies an admirable anecdote for a future Macaulay, if any such should care to tell the tale of the Crimean War, for it was he who despatched the telegram, "Take care of Dowb." The inefficiency of Lord Panmure is plain enough, and if he was the price of freedom we must not grudge, however much we may bewail the price; but it was not freedom that put Panmure in his place, but Whiggery. It does not, however, follow that Democracy will do any better if it ever gets the chance. We may always rely upon a plentiful supply of Panmures in all ranks of society. Peace came at last. Once more we had muddled through, "The Emperor (Napoleon) is enchanted with his son, dying for peace, does not care sixpence for the terms, and is only anxious to do that which may be agreeable to the Emperor Alexander." (Vol. I. 173.) "I was amused at an account of my mother who does not care a rap about politics, and Lady Carlisle who thinks of nothing else. Lady Carlisle *loquitur*, 'Dear sister, are you sure you are quite satisfied with *all* the conditions?' Lady Granville, who had just mastered the fact that peace was made, 'Yes, dear sister, but I have not read them.'" Few people did read them. The nation, "lashed by Parliamentary speeches, by public meetings and by the Press, into

the most extravagant expectations as to what we were to attempt, and what we were to achieve" had cheered the war, and now they cheered the peace. They did the cheering, our soldiers did the dying, and nobody did the thinking. Since then the same thing has happened in South Africa, and will probably happen again. And even supposing our statesmen do take to thinking, who will guarantee us from their thinking wrongly? Human wisdom is not a commodity we have any right to expect.

In the great chain of unlooked-for events the Indian Mutiny follows close upon the Crimean War. The Governor General, Lord Canning, was perhaps Granville's greatest friend, and a remarkable feature of this *Life*, and one which must always secure for it the gratitude of the reader, is the Canning correspondence between April, 1857, and January, 1862. It is not indeed in this correspondence that we are to look for any searching-out, and probing into the causes of the Mutiny. Canning and his noble-spirited wife had to live through events which took them as much by surprise as did the French Revolution the Historian of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. "None," so Canning wrote to Lord Granville in May, 1857, "are more surprised at what has happened at Meerut than those who know the Sepoys best, and I have lost entirely all confidence in the commanding officers of regiments who, with scarcely an exception, swear to the fidelity of their men, and when a scoundrel is caught in the act have nothing to say but 'Who'd have thought it?'" The Governor General was no better prepared for the Mutiny than the commanding officers of the native regiments. His foreboding thoughts had been on the frontier—in Persia—not with greased cartridges or with the dim recesses of Eastern minds. What makes this correspond-

ence so inspiriting is the temper it reveals; the high courage, the devotion, the self-abnegation and sacrifice of a lofty spirit. Lord Granville, too, plays his friendly part nobly and well. Without Granville at home, Canning must have fared ill, for Palmerston was decidedly cool towards him. The famous Proclamation that earned for Canning the nick-name, meant to be contemptuous, of "Clemency Canning," did not really particularly deserve so honorable an appellation. Lord Canning was prepared wisely enough to hang and shoot the rebels almost as readily as were any of our prelates or the lower clergy, and the only stipulation he sought to insist upon was that the innocent should not suffer with the guilty. But a not unnatural passion for revenge took possession of men's hearts at home. What they wanted was blood. The strain was tremendous. Even the robust Christianity of the great Lord Shaftesbury was unequal to bearing it, and he, too, clamored with the rest, though he soon grew ashamed of the "natural man" within him. "As long as I have breath in my body," wrote Canning to Lord Granville, "I will pursue no other policy than that which I have been following, not only for the reason of expediency and policy above stated, but because it is just. I will not govern in anger. Justice, and that as stern and inflexible as law and might can make it, I will deal out. But I will never allow an angry or indiscriminating act or word to proceed from the Government of India as long as I am responsible for it. Everybody says that they want to punish only the guilty, of course they say so; but then, why do they find fault with the orders of July 31st? What do the orders do but establish a check and caution against including innocent with guilty, and facilitate (yes, actually facilitate) the action of the military against the

guilty? But on this read the dispatch." (Vol. I. 274.) "Good-bye, my dear Granville, I am very grateful for all you have said and done. I don't care two straws for the abuse of the papers, British or Indian. I am for ever wondering at myself for not doing so, but it really is the fact. Partly from want of time to care, partly because with an enormous task before me all other cares look small. I am not so audacious as to say I see my way clearly to the accomplishment of it, but I do see my way to the avoidance of some dangers which if not avoided in time will make India ungovernable by England. I should like to go back to that chapter again, to show you how impossible it is that for generations to come Englishmen should be more than a handful in this vast country and how powerless for good they will be (to say nothing of the risks and other drawbacks of their position) if they, and still more if their rulers, take up as their means of defence the mistrusting, branding and proscribing of whole classes. We shall do what no Government has ever done in any country (so far as I know) without repenting it. We shall do what in our weakest day we have never before done in India. Pray, pray arrest the evil, if tendencies in England are still in that direction." (Vol. I. 275.)

Lady Canning died of jungle fever in December, 1861, and her husband, though he reached home in March, 1862, died in the following June. India has never claimed nobler victims to a dim and mysterious duty. Lord Granville's friendship and correspondence with Lord Canning is a great adornment of his *Life*.

The next stupendous event through which men ate and drank and gossiped as men need must, whatever happens, was the Civil War in America. Nobody in Europe understood it; perhaps it was incomprehensible. The

anti-slavery folk went right instinctively rather than intelligently. All the people who are now Empire-mad and rave over novels about Abraham Lincoln, were then, or would have been, warm Southerners, and unable, without oaths or execrations, to endure the mere mention of the name of the famous president. Cool-headed men like Cornwall Lewis could not understand the aim or policy of the North. "The South fight for independence, but what do the North fight for except to gratify passions and pride?"<sup>1</sup>

Lord Granville's sympathies seem to have been Southern, but he was happily strongly opposed to the suggestion that the Cabinet should (in 1862) offer to mediate, and in case of refusal recognize the Confederates. He wrote to Lord Russell, "It would not be a good moment to recognize the South just before a great federal success. If on the other hand, the Confederates continue victorious, *as it is to be hoped*, we should stand better than now in recognizing them." (Vol. I. 444.) By luck rather than by merit, and more thanks to the Prince Consort than to any of our own native-born politicians, we just managed to avoid making what would have been the biggest blunder of the century. Any principle is better than none, and if there is to be but one principle, for heaven's sake let it be Lord Granville's principle of "*Non-Intervention*."

We naturally hear a great deal in Lord Granville's frank letters of the "two old ring-leaders," as witty Lord Clarendon used to call them, Palmerston and Lord John Russell. Separated they were disagreeable; united, as they became in 1859 on Lord Granville's failure to form an Administration, they were doubly dangerous. Lady William Russell "confided to Lord Granville that she was glad that

<sup>1</sup> See Preface to "Essays on the Administrations of Great Britain," 1864.

the two great masters, Gian Bellini and Palma Vecchio, had agreed to paint together, but the results she expected to be some bold designs and fine *chiaro oscuro*." (Vol. I. 346.)

A war with Germany over a bit of Schleswig was one of the bold designs of these two ancient blunderers, and but for the courage of the Queen and the active good sense of Lord Granville, who seems to have acted at Cabinets as the Queen's man (with I presume, the knowledge of his Chief), who knows what would have happened?

"War, the Queen hopes and thinks, no one dreams of in this country, but the Queen was startled by a draft to Lord Napier. . . . She therefore intends to draw Lord Russell's attention to it. She would feel it her duty in the interests of this country and of the peace of Europe to resist any proposal for war. The only chance of preserving peace for Europe is by not assisting Denmark. . . . Denmark, after all, is of less vital importance than the peace of Europe, and it would be madness to set the whole Continent on fire for the imaginary advantages of maintaining the integrity of Denmark. Lord Palmerston and the Emperor Nicholas are the cause of all the present trouble by framing that wretched Treaty of 1852. The Queen suffers much, and her nerves are more and more totally shattered and her rest broken. . . . But though all this anxiety is wearing her out, it will not shake her in her firm purpose of resisting any attempt to involve this country in a mad and useless combat." (Vol. I. 459.)

The language of good-sense is refreshing everywhere.

There are two ways of forming an estimate of deceased statesmen. You may read their letters, speeches and "authorized" biographies, and you may read what some of their own col-

leagues have said about them, and between the two guess at the truth. Lord Granville has a good deal to say about Palmerston and Russell, which may be safely left to be reflected over by the judicious and amused reader.

One subject must always lend dramatic interest to Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice's book, the gradual emergence in its pages of Mr. Gladstone as the great Liberal leader. Gladstone's evolution was a difficult, prolonged, almost tedious, and, to the Whig mind, an irritating process. The evolution of the Whigs happened once for all—a long time ago, at the Revolution, the "glorious Revolution." Since that epoch there has been no need for Whigs to become anything. From the date, usually an early one, when they were good-natured enough to enter upon public life, and take their full share of Government with all its appurtenances, to the hour when they were carried to their family vaults, they remained the same. Mr. Gladstone, who was never, as Sir William Harcourt loved to remind us, either a Whig or a Protestant, had a different history.

The early references to Mr. Gladstone in the first volume of Lord Granville's Life are hardly entirely complimentary and bespeak much uneasiness. "Gladstone's unpopularity is beyond belief" (1856). "People think Gladstone mad, which is, of course, false, but he certainly is in an extraordinary state of excitement" (1857). "The Peelites are smashed as a party which is good. Gladstone is in a state of unnatural excitement, and instead of calming himself by rest, he has been making violent speeches in every public-house in Flintshire" (April, 1857). "Gladstone has shown immense ability in the discussions on the Divorce Bill, but as usual has done himself more harm than good" (August, 1857). "Gladstone would have joined (Derby's Administra-

tion), but did not like to go alone" (February, 1858). "Gladstone is in one of his states of morbid excitement which must some day have a fatal effect on him, and he bullies his colleagues fearfully" (May, 1858). "Palmerston has tried him hard once or twice by speeches and Cabinet minutes, and says the only way to deal with him is to bully him a little, and Palmerston appears to be right. I like Gladstone very much, and have generally taken his part in the Cabinet, but not to the extent that Argyll does" (July, 1860). "Our position is precarious, depending entirely upon Palmerston's popularity among the Tories, and a certain unwillingness on the part of the Radicals to turn out a Ministry which has Gladstone for Chancellor of the Exchequer. The unpopularity of the latter among all other sections of political parties is stronger than ever" (February, 1861).

In December, 1868, the long process was over, and Mr. Gladstone, whilst cutting down a tree at Hawarden, received a summons from Windsor to form his first Administration. "Very significant," he observed, and resumed his labor. He never had a more loyal supporter than Lord Granville, who became, on Lord Clarendon's death, in 1870, Foreign Minister for the second time, in his fifty-sixth year.

The Ministry of 1868-74 did great things, but its most remarkable achievement was the Treaty of Washington, followed by the Geneva Arbitration which settled what are compendiously called the *Alabama Claims*. It was a most difficult, vexatious, irritating job not free from the pettifogging attorney element. The victories of peace, though more truly glorious than those of war, lack splendor of accompaniment. We were made to pay twice over for our shortcomings. In fact, what we really paid for were our misplaced, underlying sympathies. Arbitration is sub-

lime; worthy of the lyre of John Milton; but arbitrators—! "As a personal question," wrote Lord Tenterden, to Lord Granville, "we found the arbitrators to be very common-place people." "Had it not been for my Brazilian friend, the award might, and probably would, have been at least another million and a half pounds sterling" (Vol. II. 105.) Our own arbitrator, Sir Alexander Cockburn, was more outspoken. "Things have gone badly with us here. I saw from our first sitting that they would. We could not have had a worse man than Staempfli (Swiss), or next to him than the President (Count Scoplis, Italy). The first a furious Republican, hating Monarchical Government and ministries in which men of rank take part, ignorant as a horse and obstinate as a mule. The second vapid, and all anxiety to give a decision which shall produce an effect in the world, and to make speeches about 'civilization,' 'humanity,' etc., etc., in short, *un vrai phrasier*." (Vol. II. 101.)

Lord Granville did his best to soothe the outraged feelings of the Lord Chief Justice, one of the ablest and vainest of men, and actually succeeded in persuading him to modify materially the language of his eloquent and well-reasoned protest. It was a great feat, for Cockburn, no less than Scoplis, loved his phrases.

We had hard measure dealt out to us at Geneva, and were called upon to pay a huge sum of money, of which a considerable balance is said still to remain in the American Exchequer. It would be pedantry to talk of a Resulting Trust in our favor. We paid the money with the proceeds of a gigantic "Drink Bill," and to-day, despite the huge unpopularity of the proceeding at the time, there is an universal, almost an exaggerated, *consensus* of opinion that we did well to submit to what plausibly resembled a humiliation.

The phrase-mongering President may have been right, and "civilization" and "humanity," etc., etc., do mean something after all.

By 1874 the country had grown weary of Mr. Gladstone's great Administration, and Mr. Disraeli took his place. Thereupon, Mr. Gladstone, to Lord Granville's undisguised dismay and amazement, was minded to vacate the leadership of his Party in the House of Commons in order to consider his latter end. Lord Edmund allows Lord Granville to tell the story with great frankness. Amidst the club hubbub that ensued, and the clash of contending ambitions, a remarkable head, containing a truth-telling tongue, slowly appeared above the troubled surface, as from a Dante's *Inferno*, in the shape of Lord Hartington, who wrote as follows to Lord Granville: "I still think there is no necessity for your intervention at present. The active men are evidently for Forster. If they can get him accepted so much the better. I would much rather that he should try what looks like an impossibility than that I should. If they fail it will be from the opposition of the Radicals rather than of the Whigs, and if the Radicals should then be obliged to come to me, it will be to some extent better than if I had been put forward by my own friends, therefore I should let Playfair, Fawcett and Co. have their own way as far as possible. Yours very truly, Hartington." (Vol. II. 150.)

Mr. Forster for some reason did not fully respond to the backing of his friends, and it fell to Lord Hartington's lot to attempt the impossible.

The Eastern Question arose. Mr. Disraeli resigned, and in 1880 Mr. Gladstone resumed, as he was bound to do, the responsibilities of a difficult position which was his and his alone.

The story of the land of Egypt and of General Gordon can never be made,

from a British Cabinet point of view, "a soul-animating strain." To give up Egypt at the earliest possible moment was the accepted policy of both Parties. In 1882 Lord Derby joined Mr. Gladstone's Administration as Colonial Secretary, and he put it to Lord Granville before joining that he presumed that both Granville and Mr. Gladstone "wished to get out of Egypt as soon as we properly could do so." Lord Granville assented, adding that he was sanguine by nature and did not believe the difficulties would be overwhelming. (Vol. II. 303.) The fog that conceals the future from all of us is perhaps thicker at the Foreign Office than anywhere else.

The Gordon catastrophe is clearly unravelled in these pages. Those who are fond of the gloomy task of apportioning the blame of a blunder are here provided with the means of doing so with some nicety. It was an irregular transaction in its inception, and certainly does not create confidence in Cabinet rule. It was a mistake to send the General out, a still greater mistake not to recall him as soon as it was plain he had no settled plan. It was probably a mistake not to accede to Gordon's views about Zebehr Pasha, and it was certainly a mistake not to have sent Lord Wolseley to pull his friend out of Khartoum neck and crop (for force probably would have been required to persuade him to leave) far earlier than was done. *Humanum est errare* is the only fit motto for Council Chambers.

The last question of all that Lord Granville was called upon to confront was none of his choosing—Home Rule for Ireland. It is dealt with after an enlightening fashion in the penultimate chapter of Lord Edmund's book.

Dying as Lord Granville did on the last day of March, 1891, he saw no more of a controversy which is still smouldering with a dull red fire than

its opening chapter, which was, however, long enough to witness the complete wreckage of the Party in the House of Lords he had led so long and with such unfailing courage and vivacity.

Looking at this first chapter of Gladstonian Home Rule, not on its merits, nor as one who canvasses its future, but merely as a matter of political handling and straightforward dealing between politicians, the honor of the situation as it is described in Lord Granville's correspondence seems clearly to belong to Lord Hartington, who, what between Mr. Gladstone's Ireland and Mr. Chamberlain's England, felt himself indeed to be a very hardly used and buffeted nobleman. "I am in good hopes (he wrote) that between him (Gladstone) and Chamberlain I may shortly be released from active politics." (Vol. II. 463.) He has never been released, for though Mr. Gladstone has long ceased from troubling, the other disturber of the peace andunsettler of settlements is still at large, though ranging in an unexpected field.

It is worth noticing that though Lord Hartington bitterly complains to Lord Granville that he finds Mr. Gladstone "quite unintelligible" and useless to talk to, he nevertheless succeeded in grasping more clearly than most people the full significance of Mr. Gladstone's meaning and what that meaning meant for all Mr. Gladstone's colleagues.

"Mr. Gladstone may say as much as he likes about our not committing ourselves, but he has committed himself up to his chin. He may not have formed a complete scheme, but he has allowed it to be known that in his opinion Home Rule, including an Irish Parliament, must be granted either by this or by some other Government. This has not been denied. Is it possible to conceive anything more absurd

than that he should allow these opinions of his to be made known, constituting as they do a most important element in the discussion, and then ask us not to be in haste as to any decision? I do not see how it is possible that Mr. Gladstone and I should agree at any meeting which might be held." (Lord Hartington to Lord Granville, December, 1885. Vol. II. 471.)

Foresight is a quality so seldom illustrated in the lives of politicians that the following bit of Lord Derby is worth quoting: "It is simply an Irish Parliament or not. I am quite ready to drop out of the whole concern and efface myself; but the more I think of what an Irish Parliament would be, the more impossible it becomes to me to accept the proposal in any form. What is more important, I do not think even Gladstone can carry the Liberal Party with him in support of it. But suppose he carried it in the Commons, it must be thrown out in the Lords, and then comes another Dissolution and such an election cry as no Conservative Minister ever had before. We should go where Fox and North went in 1784. At least such is my belief. Downing Street is not specially attractive to me, personally: ten years of that sweet spot are enough, but it is a pity (perhaps it could not be helped) that we should go down in a storm of our own raising." (Lord Derby to Lord Granville, January, 1886. Vol. II. 479.)

Lord Derby was not a statesman gifted with "second sight," but very often he seemed the incarnation of common sense. *Sed nondum est finis.* The end is not yet. The Irish problem remains unsolved. Common sense is not one of the master qualities that rule the world. It is an excellent guide across a street, but never prophet, priest or king. Idealism is in Politics what Mysticism is in Religion—its soul.

There are only two ways of dealing with a good book. You must either read it or leave it alone. Lord Edmund's book, not readily lending itself to the merry craft of the lightning reviewer, whose business it is to rifle pages for good stories or paragraphs calculated to give pain, has been found fault with for lacking lightness of touch. On the principle that "who drives fat oxen should himself be fat," it is suggested that the model biographer of Lord Granville would have been some master of persiflage. Such *a priori* criticism is absurd. Books are not written to be reviewed, but to be read by lovers of reading, deliberatively and at their leisure. The real reader of these volumes will find they contain a full picture of Lord Granville and will have no cause to complain of any failure to do justice to his lordship's velvety paws.

Politics necessarily predominate, and in few books is more light thrown upon them, but the nice student of manners and the course of thought—of the great mundane movement—the true fascination of life, will find in these pages much to attract his attention and to give color to his reflections, grave, gay or gloomy.

The Whig mind is no longer a generating force, but it will always remain an interesting study. Lord Granville stood a smiling optimist between two worlds. Potent, disintegrating influences were at work all about him. Radicalisms, High Churchisms, Romanistic enthusiasms, Labor programmes, he observed them all. Their

divers influences do not seem ever to have reached his inner man, though some of them greatly affected his actions.

Lord Granville once told the House of Lords in the course of an Education debate that he had never had a teacher who was not a clergyman of the Church of England. Thus trained he should be a good describer of a Royal Confirmation. "I went and am none the worse, my complexion beautiful. It was an interesting sight." As Pam observed, "Ah! ah! a touching ceremony. Ah! ah! The King of the Belgians the same as I remember him when I was a boy and he used to live for weeks at the Embassy, using my father's horses and boring my mother to death. The Princess Royal went through her part well. The Princess Alice cried violently. The Archbishop read what seemed a dull address; luckily it was inaudible. The Bishop of Oxford rolled out a short prayer with conscious superiority. Pam reminded Lord Aberdeen of their being confirmed at Cambridge as if it was yesterday." A very Whiggish ceremony indeed! The Christianity is not obtrusive.

If we are to call no one happy until his biography is published, we may now safely pronounce Lord Granville to be a happy man, for his *Life and Letters* have already secured for themselves a permanent place in the far from lengthy list of English political memorials of the first order of interest and merit.

A. Birrell.

## FROM DAWN TO DARK ON THE HIGH ZAMBESI.

"Plosh"—all the paddles go in as one, and again as one are pulled through and out—"pomp"—sucking the bubbles up. "Plosh, pomp"—the dug-outs are coming across the river, the swaying forms of the paddling Kafirs dimly visible in the half light. One in the bows, five aft, left foot forwards they stand, dropping in the paddles, now on this side, now on that, each canoe keeping time with the other. "Plosh, pomp—plosh, pomp," five canoes and thirty paddles with the rhythmic pulse of a single paddle.

Axe-hollowed out of a clean-run hard-wood tree, twenty to forty feet long, straight-sided, flat-bottomed; on these waters no other boat would do its work better, if so well.

Each dug-out takes but one passenger, who sits on a grass mat, leaning back against his kit. He may go, if he will, as a high Induna goes, under an awning of reed arched against the sun, but in September and October this is scarcely safe; it is wiser to risk the sun and be free to fall clear of the craft. For the hippo cows are calving then, the animals are wicked, and, especially at night, attack the boats, and there is danger of being caught in the awning when the boat upsets.

Ordinarily the Kafirs refuse to venture on the river after dusk, but to-day they will certainly be paddling then, because they are under compulsion to complete a two days' voyage in one. It has pleased their chief to lay them under these commands because a white man is urgently called down country and must reach a certain trading station by to-night. Their chief has also made this white man a high Induna, distinguished by a pair of the royal ivory armlets which shall ensure

him consideration by the way. But of these matters more presently, for we will not delay the start.

So in the false dawn we load the dug-outs, dividing up the things. In mine, the leading boat, are clothes-bag, blankets, gun, rifle and a few useful odds and ends, such as pipe and water-bottle, lying handy at one's side. The other boats are stored with the boys' food and blankets, beer-gourd, cooking-pots and assegais. Well before the sun has shown his upper rim the word is given, and we move off in single order and away down stream.

The Kafirs are silent. The Kafir, a child of the sun, is at his worst in the 'chill of the dawning, is spiritless and dull, though the dug-outs move rapidly enough under the driving of those sinewy arms and backs. The splendid savage in front of me is a final study in movement and form, and as the sun looks over the fringe of the reed-beds it touches back and shoulder into polished bronze in a subject fit for Phidias.

Level, treeless, reed-fringed banks, on the right of sand, on the left of clay, and a half-mile perhaps of width of water: this is the Zambezi here. There is little that is tropical, as that word is commonly meant. The Zambezi of one's childhood, parasites of gorgeous flower, ropes of climbers running from tree to tree, flocks of jewelled birds, troops of monkeys that peep and chatter and swing from bough to bough—the greater part, in short, of everything meant by the magic word "tropical" is wanting here. All that is below us, far, far below, down in the fever belt that runs by the sea. It is true that round the mighty Victoria Falls where the rocky

islands are and the mist hangs night and day, there is some wealth of tropic tangle, but even that is down the river some hundred miles away.

We shall see palms and trees before nightfall in patches by the rapids, but it is only in those places where the rock comes up that timber flourishes. Here the Zambesi feels its way through the high alluvial plain, the treeless fringe of that same plateau where Os-well did his wonderful hunting half a century and more ago. And as the Zambesi is here, so is it almost to its source; trees where the rocks and rapids are, bare where they are not. In the rainy season these plains are greatly under water, in the dry season they are swept by fires, and sun-baked to a hard pan—neither a condition suitable for trees. For a convincing simile we may say this: take the Ouse or some willowless Fen river, change water-rats to hippos, goss to giant reeds, make the newts of your backwaters into crocodiles, and there is the High Zambesi.

In the great reed-beds the hippos sleep, in some places numbers of them, though I have never had the luck to come upon one sleeping, often as I have tried. In every direction are roads made by the creatures as they come down to the water. If you land and walk up one of these hippo roads you will be following at first a track across and up the sloping sand; then, where the slope meets the vertical edge of the high river-bank, the ground is all poached into deep holes by the huge feet where the animal has raised his immense bulk for the climb. Also, where the banks lie at a convenient angle, you often see hippo slides. Here the creatures have evidently sat down on their tail-ends till the edge of the bank has given way, and they have slid down into the water. Often, by constant passing, a cutting has been made through the edge of the bank

which brings you easily on to the flat above. From this point a well-marked road, or tunnel, goes off into the reeds, which sometimes form an archway overhead. On either side of the tunnel the reeds, strong as bamboo, pressed back and matted together, form an impenetrable wall, though here and there along the wall are spaces into which a man may push. I used to look out carefully for these spaces and pass as quickly as possible from one to the other, waiting a moment or two at each, a wise precaution, for a startled hippo makes at once for the water. Crashing headlong down his tunnel, without any "by your leave," he would treat you like a beetle under the housemaid's foot. One must therefore keep a careful eye on one's refuges. So, creeping cautiously along, at last you come to the threshold of the hippo's boudoir or bedroom, as the case may be. It is empty, and, to speak frankly, it is a relief to be able to admire it in the noble owner's absence. A friend lately described to me a hippo's "nest" which he visited on a tributary stream. He told how its floor was deep in grasses, gathered by the hippos, and the reeds surrounding it distinctly "woven" together. Without the good fortune to come upon one of these, I have only seen the ordinary sleeping-places. They have always been alike in an outer ring of broken reeds and softer tops of the reed-heads, and in the middle of the earth itself the impression of huge bodies, like a hare's form in a weedy fallow. These sleeping-places are quite distinct from the mud-baths; those you often find up small ditches and backwaters quite far from the river; the wart-hogs share them with the hippos.

But now, with the coming of the sunlight, the life of the river begins to move. With beat of whirring wings flock after flock of sand-grouse come in to drink. Seeing the canoes, they

will not light at first, but fly round and round over the sand-banks, now lower, now higher, in the way that wild ducks and tame pigeons will. Gaining confidence, they presently settle on the sloping sand-bank, run down to the water's edge, quickly drink, and are off again. And presently a curious thing happens. On laboring wings a large bird comes out of the sun, and when a short distance from the river sets its wings, and, floating nobly over the reeds, drops its long thin legs and settles in a shallow, the water all but up to its body. It is a Goliath Heron. It has scarcely taken up its position before a second bird comes on the scene, the Fish Eagle. Heading straight for the heron it stoops, and, striking it fair on the head, knocks it down on to the water, where it remains with outstretched wings, half stunned. Recovering, it again stands upright, while I rouse my boys to paddle all they can in order to pick it up. We are still some ten yards distant when again the eagle, who has circled round, stoops at the heron and knocks it over, almost under the bows of the canoe. In the same movement the bird of prey sheers off. I pull the heron into the boat. This heron, by far the largest member of its family, is a very noble bird. Nowhere common, you will probably not see more than one or two any day on the Upper Zambesi. As I hold it by the beak at the level of my face its toes touch the ground.

The Fish Eagle does not prey on herons; why, then, this attack? I think the eagle, not knowing that the heron had only just arrived, concluded that its crop was full of fish, which it might be induced to surrender; it meant to make it "stand and deliver," only the poor heron, having taken nothing, had nothing to deliver.

This eagle is in appearance a truly striking bird. Its head, breast, and mantle are shining black, its back

white, its shoulders coppery-brown. In the wooded districts, where, after the wont of birds of prey, it sits on the vantage point of the dead limb of a large tree, sailing off now and again with tireless flight above the broad river waters, it is the very genius of its home. But here, in the treeless country, where it needs must sit on the sand or on the mud of the river-bank, it seems out of place, reduced almost to the grade of a 'longshore crow. In this part of the Zambesi they are extremely common; you see pairs, and sometimes three and four together, all along.

Three days ago I had killed a large crocodile some quarter of a mile above the point we have now reached. Shot in the head as he lay on the top of the water, he had turned over on his back, with his feet in the air, and had gone like a log to the bottom. After a few hours he would have come to the top, afloat. So far as I know, the dead body of any creature will behave thus, excepting that of a seal. I, however, had not time to wait.

Perhaps this saurian has drifted on to this sand-bank below, and brought the vultures there. At any rate there they are, thirty or forty, feeding on something I cannot see. As the dug-out nears them they draw off a little from the feast—two kinds of vulture, the larger one, Rüppell's, with a "boa" on the neck; and a smaller, blacker bird, with a pink, bare head like a hen turkey's, the Hooded Vulture. On a nearer approach they all rise heavily, the fullest gorged very reluctant to move, and fly to the flat beyond, where they will settle and wait. Hooded Vultures, because of their black color, may sometimes be seen from a great distance as they sit on the trees in pairs. Much as has been written and said about the congregation of vultures, the phenomenon of their appearing never loses for me its surprise. Lying

on your back, you search the fathomless blue sky. Be your sight never so clear, your glasses never so powerful, you will fail nine times out of ten to find a single vulture in all that wide expanse. Half an hour after, looking over the flats, you may see two birds drop down on to some object lying in the hollow just out of sight, and a moment later two more. Then another pair, and another, and, in an incredibly short space of time, behold vultures from all sides converging on that point. And now, if you look up again, you will find this true, that, though you may watch the bird that passes by and disappears, and keep it in your range of vision until it is lost, a needle-point, in the infinite distance, you cannot in the same way pick up a distant bird. On the contrary, each bird comes into sight quite suddenly, unexpectedly, and large; you become aware that it is there, yet you have not seen it on the way.

But half the day is over and gone, and my boys have been paddling since early morning without a break. All through the morning—and lately with the thermometer at 100° F. in the shade—the paddles have gone beating “plosh pomp, plosh pomp,” and at intervals, “splash, splash, splash, splash,” as one of the boys behind works with an old tin at baling out the boat. For we had not been gone long this morning when my steersman in the prow laid aside his paddle and, stooping down, busied himself with a crack through which the water was merrily coming in. For some time I watched him doing his best to stop the leak by pushing in pieces of grass with the edge of an old tin. Meantime I had been pulling to pieces a bit of thick string, and presently gratified him with quite a respectable handful of oakum, with which, and the help of the picker of my knife, he had made a tolerable stop-

ping; but the water found its way through again, and for a long while now we had often had to bale.

Now it is time for a rest, so we punt the boats into a little creek between the sand-banks and I tell the boys to bathe.

There is a little hollowed path running up from the water on to the flats above. In the season of rains a water ditch, it is now a track by which wild creatures come down to drink. At its deepest, no more than two feet deep, it grows less and less, till some quarter of a mile away it flattens to the general level of the ground.

Up this track but a few days back I crept, camera in hand, with two black boys behind me, intent upon photographing animals when they should draw together towards the path for water. Before our crawl began I had a good look over the plain with my glasses. One might almost have thought the plain dotted with feeding cattle, but the glass showed groups and herds of several different beasts. Blue wildebeest, some forty in number, formed a group at the head of my path, a few hartebeest made a red patch a little further off, a herd of roan antelope stood by themselves away to the left, reed-buck in twos and threes were dotted all about, and a lot of zebras fed steadily in my direction, but a little on the right.

At first it was easy to keep out of sight, crawling on hands and knees, though it was a rather painful crawling, because a fire had passed over that ground not long before, and all among the new green shoots which had brought the various animals together were the hard points of burnt rushes. These and many snail-shells chafed hands and knees.

Soon it became necessary to crouch lower and lower, and presently to lie absolutely flat, worming oneself along by toes and elbows. I glanced back

under my arm at the two boys; they were exactly imitating my every movement. The light wind blew directly in our faces, so as far as scent went we were safe.

It is probably true to say that most wild animals trust more to smell than to sight; indeed some—the elephant and rhinoceros for example—rely almost entirely on it for their safety. No doubt this is chiefly true of forest animals; a mountain sheep or a buck of the plains of course has wonderful powers of vision, but only a distinct or a sudden movement arrests it. The ways of Nature's hunters show us this. When the seal is lying on the ice-floe with its head over the edge, in the way that seals have, sometimes along the still, green, polar pool there creeps a little wave and wakes it up. It looks over the water, but only sees a white lump floating motionless, which it takes to be a piece detached from the base of the floe and risen to the surface, so it nods its head again and is presently asleep. But in that white lump are set the watching eyes of the ice-bear; and the white lump sinks ever so noiselessly, to rise as cautiously again and again, but nearer and nearer to the seal, who each time wakes and each time goes to sleep again. But the last dive brings the hunter underneath his quarry, and one blow finishes the drama, for an ice-bear is very heavy-handed.

And in the same way, could you but move slowly enough, you could, with the wind right, get quite close to most big game. Moreover, antelopes are inquisitive animals, and just as I have had wild reindeer come round me inquiringly when sketching in Spitsbergen, so antelopes will sometimes come up to investigate a new object, provided it does not make alarming movements.

But we are forgetting the story we began to tell. It was time to find out

exactly where the creatures were, for they were moving when last seen. When animals are feeding they are usually shifty and difficult to approach. But now, in the middle of the day, with the sun at its hottest, it was probable the herds would be settling down. This proved to be the case. Slowly, very slowly, hair's-breadth by hair's-breadth, I raised myself upon my elbows until I could just get my eyes above the level and peer through the stalks of the grasses. Some of the groups were lying down, some still standing, or moving slowly, step by step; but all had the sleepy, contented look of animals that have fed. Nearest of all, and straight before me, about one hundred paces off, was a single wildebeest, lying by good chance partly covered by a tuft of dead grasses. I began to hope I might reduce the distance and photograph that beast. I had just sunk down flat again, when one of the black boys touched me on the ankle. Glancing up, without moving my head, I saw, for one instant, two Crowned Cranes, most lovely of birds, standing side by side and looking down critically at me. The next moment, with a startled call, they were on the wing. Expecting to hear the sound of thundering hoofs, I lay still as any stone; but the minutes passed, and, hearing nothing, I ventured again to look. The wildebeest had not moved, but out of the corner of my eye I could see, on my right, the zebras all faced round and staring intently towards us. I lay still for perhaps another ten minutes, making the black boys stay back, and then again wormed along like a snake. Finally the distance was reduced by some thirty yards, which brought me up with head and shoulders covered by the lumps of reeds that marked the end of the depression.

The wildebeest was still lying down. I slid out the bellows of the camera,

focussed and touched the spring; a photograph was taken. But the click of the shutter, slight as it was, had disturbed the animal, who rose, stretched himself, and was photographed again. Then he saw us, wheeled round, and joined the others. Off galloped the whole herd, performing the extraordinary antics practised by their kind; the roan antelopes and the zebras followed suit, the plain was scoured by fugitive feet, and a minute later little remained but a few dots in the middle distance and a dark waving line beyond. Only some reed-buck stayed here and there, judging they were safe.

Five lions were in attendance on this particular herd of zebras; but that belongs to another day, and not to this nor to our river voyage.

We left the boys about to bathe; they needed no incentive, for Kafirs delight to get into the water in the hottest time of the day. Rushing into the river all together, they keep up a continual splashing to frighten away the crocodiles. In the water they always groom one another's backs, and on coming out scrape themselves with the strigil carried by each. Dressing and undressing are quickly done by a Kafir, and in ten minutes we were off again.

The High Zambezi is full of crocodiles; in some of the back-waters they literally swarm. They vary in size from little things like large lizards to monsters over twelve feet in length. Even where the banks are of clay and nearly perpendicular they seem to have little difficulty in landing, and by constant walking to and fro score the bank into ledges and terraces. They also scratch out, or work out by other means, hollows in the clay which they constantly occupy when sunning themselves or sleeping. Sometimes they go to sleep, floating on the surface, just as our pike will on a summer day; and then, like the pike, remain unconscious

of your presence until a sudden movement wakes them up, when they disappear with a prodigious disturbance. But this is not often; ordinarily they are very wide awake and vanish silently, sinking with scarcely a circle made. But the shallows and sand-banks are their favorite resort, and there they are always watchful. Often you can see them far ahead, tails to the water, heads up the flat sand-bank, looking like beached canoes, and sometimes they lie across one another like stumps of drifted trees. But long before the canoes come up they take warning from the paddles and, turning on the fulcrum of their tails, glide into the water. More than once, when having luncheon by the water's edge, I have suddenly become aware of the cruel head and the lustreless glazed eyes looking up at me from below. It really "gave one quite a turn." I instinctively jumped back, for the crocodile is credited, and probably on good grounds, with the practice of knocking its prey into the water with a sudden sweep of its heavy tail. As many as sixty eggs are laid by a crocodile in its nest in the sand-bank. Beside me as I write is an egg from a nest containing that number. It is rather larger than a goose's egg, but elliptical in shape, with a white and very brittle shell. We are told (but the statement requires confirmation) that, when the little crocodiles begin to squeak in the shell, the mother digs up the eggs and, as the young escape, leads them down to the water.

"Shangwe!" (Chief) calls out my steersman as a dug-out approaches, coming up the stream; whereupon the paddlers stop their paddling and, squatting down in the boat, clap their hands; their usual form of salutation to an official or a chief; and presently catching sight of the ivory armlets they hold their arms aloft and return "Shangwe!" The armlets (ribbed round

the centre, the distinctive sign of royalty) had been kindly given me by Litia, son of Lewanika, King of Mabrotse. They acted indeed as a talisman that day. When we came to a waterside kraal where the Batoka piccaninnies ran in and out of holes in the grass screens like rabbits, milk was instantly brought and Kafir beer, and the women were set to scrape a bit of ground for me to sit on, but no undue delay allowed—and this through the royal armlets.

This letter grows too long. But for that I should be telling more about the birds; birds that walked the sand-banks—Black, White, Open-billed and Marabou Storks; Sacred and Glossy Ibises; Wattled, Blacksmith and Crowned Plovers; birds that waded in the shallows—the quaint Hadadah and quainter Hammerkop, and all the family of the herons. For, beside the Goliath already described, there were the Great White Heron, the Purple and the Squacco Herons, as well as the beautiful Little Egret. In the shallows also we saw the elegant Jacana, whose toes are so long that it can walk the water over the thinnest water-weeds; Stilts also, and Avocets, graceful pied birds whose long, slender bills curve upwards. About the reeds were many small Bitterns, who tightened up their feathers and gazed into the sky with straight thin necks till they looked like stalks or bits of stick. And every now and then there flashed across the water a flaming streak—the Crimson Bee-eater. Egyptian and Spur-winged geese and African Pochards swam in the water or fed along the water-mark, while the larger Pied Kingfisher hung poised above the river or dropped like an arrow on the fish. Perhaps the least expected bird was a seagull—the Grey-headed Gull—of which many were seen throughout the day. Terns were numerous, especially the Whiskered Tern, easily distinguished on the wing

by its smoky color. But of all the birds seen none were odder than the Scissor-bill. These birds are river terns, and, like other terns, lay their eggs on the sand-banks. They are colored gray, black, and white. But the strange point about them is this, that their orange-scarlet bills have the upper mandible a great deal shorter than the lower or maxilla. The beak is also flattened from side to side, and what the birds feed on is not properly known as yet.

The hippos are causing us some concern. Every now and then one hears a noise like steam blowing off in a railway station, and there is a hippo looking angrily at our boat. The head of the beast usually lies pretty flat on the water, only the nostrils and eyes above it. A good way off at first, by constant diving he reduces the distance, and at last, when perhaps some fifty yards away, he raises his head and shoulders, and looks like a frightful mask in some infernal pantomime. (However kind a hippo may be feeling, he always *looks* irate.) He seems to be reckoning to a nicety the distance for his final rush. He dives and you go through the suspense of the interval—will he or will he not attack? To your relief he rises a little further off; his better nature has prevailed.

How long can a hippo remain under water? It is difficult to judge unless you have them in a quiet pool. I have timed him one, two, three minutes—five minutes. But at least he can remain below as long as Mr. Finney, and often inexplicably disappears altogether.

There is not always danger from these gigantic brutes; during ten months of the year, although individuals may now and then indulge in a little light play, they are fairly quiet. But now, like many other animals, they are savage in defence of their newly-born young. They do not attack

human beings; when once they have tumbled you into the water they trouble themselves no further (nor have they any occasion to do so—the crocodiles see to the rest). It is the boat that irritates them: doubtless they conceive it to be some river monster invading their dominions.

For their better safety the paddlers of the dug-outs keep, as far as may be, close to the banks. But sometimes, pushed out by shallows, they are obliged to cross the windings from point to point. With a river about as wide as the Thames at London Bridge this takes a little time, and once our crossing was attended by an amusing, if alarming, incident. I was immersed in my diary, when I was startled by the shock of a sudden noise, which I can only compare to a slice out of the roar of a cataract. There, close to us, was a hippo! He looked at us for a moment, and then opened his mouth to its very widest extent, as Mr. Rowland Ward's heads do in Piccadilly. I was staring into a red cavern. The beast was so close that it flashed through my mind that I could easily throw in a bun. Perhaps he was waiting for one, or else was only making faces to exercise his facial muscles. If he simply meant to frighten us he certainly succeeded. I could not see how the five boys behind me fared, but the tall steersman gave the dug-out such a lurch with his paddle that he nearly toppled out of the boat, which was narrow in the bows, swayed violently from side to side, and then fell backwards into the bottom of the boat. You may be sure we watched the hippo very anxiously as he dived, and thankfully saw him—he was so close—turn below the water and disappear. Even at this critical moment, and scared as they were, the Kafirs' sense of the ridiculous stood by them; no sooner was their enemy gone than they roared with laughter and for a long time

chaffed the poor steersman, though I could not follow their tongue.

Now I must describe a pretty incident, and then, I think, we have done with the hippopotamus. I am keeping a sharp look-out for birds down the river, when I see something coming up which at first I take for men in a canoe. The Kafirs also see it and whisper "Lovo" (hippopotamus). It is. It is a tiny hippo apparently gliding along on the surface of the river; and in front of it is the black face of an old one. The puzzle is soon explained: a baby hippo is being carried by its mother; it is standing on her back. It comes along quite steadily, looking like some quaint little figure of a god. When still a hundred yards away it disappears, but I cannot see the manner of its going. Probably the old hippos carry their young in this way to keep them safe from the crocodiles.

The evening sun is going down, but still the paddles hold steadily on "Plosh, pomp," and the tin keeps at work with the baling.

It is no difficult task to describe wild animals and their ways, but to draw a really convincing picture of a bit of scenery is usually beyond the power of words; and I wish I could do that now. For about the time of the evening light we leave the plains and the level banks, and, rounding a corner, are face to face with a transformation intangibly enchanting. The river lies like glass, peach-pink all round the boats. Before us are islands; a large one in the middle of the stream, with others right and left. But by some trick of light and air they seem built up one behind the other, till the water-lanes among them look like raised and limpid terraces. The islands are fringed with soft-headed papyrus, and you cannot determine where exactly the fringe begins because of the reflections which go down into the

water and make of island and image one translucent haze of green and opal lights. Piled up beyond this is the blue mass of the thorny forest, here and there the dark arms of some great acacia held clear-cut against the glowing sky. And the isles are crowned with palm-trees.

Bitterns begin booming in the reeds, Emerald-spotted Doves come down to drink, and a Marsh Owl floats noiselessly overhead. The evening spell falls even on the Kafirs, who cease their laughing chatter, and nothing is heard but wings and voices of birds and the paddles' measured beat. So we move on; winding about the islands and along the colored water-lanes till the current begins to draw more quickly, a growing murmur takes definite form and we hear the noise of rapids.

Darkness falls very quickly here, and the light is already uncertain when we come in sight of the rocks and the white lines of broken water. It is the dry season, the Zambesi is very low this year, and the rocks look ugly enough. For a few minutes, while the steersmen consult as to the best channel to choose, the dug-outs are held back by paddles pressed against the river-bed, and then we are in the current. Bump, scrape, we are knocked about by the rocks, in spite of the paddles that try to fend them off. By daylight it would be easier, but now we cannot properly see, and presently my dug-out slides on to the top of a smooth, hidden rock, and remains jammed fast by the middle. No poling or punting will move it one inch; we have to get into the water before the dug-out can be made to move. This rapid is a long one, and before we clear it the Kafirs are several times in the water, and all the time a pair of large otters keep playing about the rocks, quite indifferent to our presence.

At the next we have a worse exper-

ience. After a long and trying series of scrapes and rushes we enter a wider, deeper, and smoother channel, and are just steadyng to shoot the last low waterfall into the pool below when a rock, invisible till then, appears right in the middle of the fall. I see it, reflect with relief that my boots are not on my feet but tied to the sides of the boat, think of crocodiles, and instinctively try to puzzle out through the gloom the nature of the nearest landing-place—all this in a flash of the mind—when the steersman shouts, the men behind him answer, the boat is stopped, and, calling all together, they absolutely work the dug-out back again against the current—very slowly, half-inch by half-inch, but it is done. After a long and desperate battle with the stream we are again almost at the head of the rapid, find another channel, and sometimes wading, sometimes in the boat, at last we reach another and safer water-shoot and are floating in the pool below. They are most wonderful fellows, these Kafirs; it was almost a superhuman effort, for the sucking force of the water was prodigious, and the strain in holding back the dug-out with so insecure a foot-hold immense. The other boats have come by other channels, but we are all lying safely there at last, and the boys rest for a few minutes and compare experiences. It is quite dark as we move off again, with still six miles to go. No light is in the sky, not a glimmer on the water. The boys, in deadly fear of hippos, keep closely to the reeds. But even this is not without its alarms, for the great reed fringe is the roosting-place of many birds, and particularly of guinea-fowl, who come down there at night for safety from foxes and jackals; and as we go brushing along the reeds, suddenly, with screams and rattle of wings, out bursts, almost in our faces, a large party of these birds, enough to scare

the stoutest heart when nerves are all at tension.

Then the fireflies come out, not the little dancing lights familiar in America, but lambent stars that travel straight and steadily, shining and not shining with perfect regularity, like the revolving flame of a distant lighthouse. Then the Kafirs, to keep up their courage, sing from boat to boat songs with theme and chorus. And

then a great red light breaks up into the sky and a forest fire is raging.

This final spell of the voyage seems indeed interminable; but at last we come upon an island camp-fire round which are Kafirs dancing, and then on a hill we see a single light, which we know hangs outside the trader's store, and we run the dug-outs into a creek, and are grateful.

A. Trevor-Battye.

*The Nineteenth Century and After.*

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### THE DUKE PAYS.

BY W. E. CULE, Author of *Prince Adrian of Zell*, &c.

#### CHAPTER IV.—MR. INCHCAPE AND THE GRAND DUKE.

It was the ambition of the Whichester horticulturists to establish a festival which in magnitude and popularity should rival that of Shrewsbury, and no effort had been spared to secure this result. The only fear was whether the representative of Royalty, known to be an eccentric and sour old curmudgeon, would not disappoint the multitude and thus cast a shadow upon the whole event. Even before noon, however, rumors were brought in that His Highness was really one of the pleasantest old fellows it was possible to meet, and quite a gentleman. Thus, when the Corporation *cortège* approached the gates it passed between packed lines of spectators who were quite willing to be pleased and anxious to judge for themselves. On these dawned a rosy face warm with good humor and a Royalty that does not belong to all crowned heads; and the Grand Duke had conquered many hearts without speaking a word.

At the gates the whole party alighted, to be received in state by the President and officers of the committee. This was the ordeal which Captain Armytage dreaded, and to which he went very much as he might have

gone to execution. He could not imagine what terrible thing might take place, but he realized that he could not help himself. His Duke had taken the reins, and they must go over the precipice together.

Under a great floral arch bearing the inscription, "Whichester Welcomes Royalty," stood the Earl of Bannerbridge, a pale little peer with a singularly fussy manner. He focussed his glasses in considerable bewilderment upon the group which was advancing towards him. The Mayor he had met before, and he guessed correctly at the identity of Captain Armytage; but he could not see the visitor of the day—a querulous, half-crazy old cynic, with sour and weary eyes that never looked kindly on any living thing. He was full of an impression he had received some two years previously, and he gave a distinct start when he was addressed by the central figure in the group.

"Why, my lord, this is a cold welcome. People will think we have never met before!"

There was certainly a note in that voice that Lord Bannerbridge remembered—the querulous note which Mr.

Inchcape had caught so usefully at St. Pancras. Then the little peer recognized also the Grand Duke's moustache, which was sufficiently distinctive; and, having got so far, he was filled with confusion.

"Your Highness will pardon me," he said nervously. "My sight, I am afraid—and your Highness—er—looks so much—so much better!"

"Ach, yes!" said the Grand Duke in the grand manner. "I am better—much better. I am, indeed, quite a different creature. I am pleased to see that your lordship has recovered."

It was the expression, his lordship decided, that made the difference in the Duke. Yet what a mighty difference it was that lay between this august visitor and that sour-visaged old man with whom he had spent an hour at Saxe-Munden two years before—an hour which he remembered as one of the most uncomfortable in his life! It came to him as a revelation that a man's appearance depends very much upon the expression of his face—almost as much, he was inclined to say, as upon the face itself! With this remarkable conclusion he pulled himself together, seeing that by his blindness he had almost, if not quite, stultified himself. Had he not made it a matter of public knowledge that he was present to-day, at great personal inconvenience, simply for the sake of meeting his old friend the Grand Duke?

"I thank your Highness," he answered quickly. "I am glad to say that I am much stronger. It is my privilege—my pleasant privilege—to welcome you to the first Winchester Horticultural Exhibition."

When that point was reached at least one person in the immediate circle gave a deep though unnoticed sigh of relief. A moment more and the Grand Duke was being made known formally to the stars of the committee, and the danger was splendidly over.

Then began what may fitly be described as the Duke's Progress; but when the writer attempts to give an idea of what really took place he finds that the facts of the story defy all attempts to do so adequately. For instance, it seems almost impossible to convey a fair impression of the mingled grandeur and benignity of the Duke's manner, a development which amazed no one so much as it did the gentleman who had met him for the first time on the previous evening. There were many in those grounds who ever afterwards had a distinct and lofty conception of how real Royalty lived and moved and went about its public functions. Nor is it possible to describe without suspicion of exaggeration the effect which was produced on those who had expected so little. In a crowded area an item of news or rumor spreads with incredible swiftness, but it is almost matched in speed by the communication of an idea or an impression, an opinion or a prejudice. In this case it was an impression that spread, and in a very short time the impression had become a conviction—a general conviction—that His Serene Highness the Grand Duke John of Saxe-Munden was a brick. And nothing occurred that day to disturb the conviction when it had once been formed.

From tent to tent, through the long afternoon, the Duke's party passed, followed by a changing stream of spectators and heralded by a bustle of interest and suspense. Its centre was a somewhat warm old gentleman of sixty-six, whose heart was yet warmer than his face, and who seemed to have a word of the right character or a smile of the right quality for every call. People whispered strange things about his tact, holding that tact was something to which rulers have a special disposition and a special right; and indeed the only explanation must be that this particular Grand Duke had learned

his lesson in the best of all schools—a world of business in which he had learned to know men of all grades, and afterwards a quiet life in which he had considered what he had seen and had correlated the lessons and experiences of life to form for himself an outlook that was as wise as kind and as keen as gentle.

For instance, there was the exhibitor with a fad. There are generally several of them at such exhibitions, and the great, gay crowd passes them by with something less than a glance of hasty ignorance; for if these folk win respect at all, it is only in the columns of a technical journal which the people do not read. At Winchester the man with a fad was a jealous-eyed enthusiast who kept guard over his treasure in an out-of-the-way corner of a great tent. The treasurer had been given place because there was place to give, but it had claimed no prize. Because it had no prize, and because there was nothing remarkable in its display, thousands of eyes had already passed it unheeding.

Sourly the man watched the approach of the Grand Duke's group, knowing what must come, and, because he knew, attempting to screen his treasure with his own body. To him the glance of polite ignorance from serene altitudes seemed desecration more to be resented than the blindness of the masses. But, just as the throng was passing, this man's face seemed to stand out before His Highness from the midst of the faces about him, and he recognized it at once. From his window at Herne Hill he had seen that face passing down the highways of life, time after time—the face of the Man with the Idea, walking through the unseeing crowd and forming one of the world's innumerable little tragedies. Turning suddenly, he looked at the owner of the face and saw the poor little treasure that he guarded.

At once he stopped, and one frail plant and blossom became the cynosure of all eyes.

"What is this, sir?" he asked, stooping to look at it. "Something of your own? Unless I am mistaken, a new variety."

And then, to the general amazement, His Highness named two undistinguished roses, and declared that this specimen seemed to him to represent a blend of the best qualities of the two; and the enthusiast, starting to life, explained that such was really the case.

"Your Highness is right," he stammered, almost hysterical with emotion. "This is not a good result; but I have great hopes. With more favorable circumstances—"

"You should have a better reward," said His Highness. "I agree with you, sir, and I congratulate you. It is refreshing to meet a man who can find a new path and is not afraid to walk in it. My lord," to the President, "I should advise you to keep your eye on this gentleman's experiments."

And then, with a bow and a smile, he resumed his course, having given much comfort to a discontented and dejected spirit; but he had scarcely gone five paces before the enthusiast was at his heels.

"Your Highness," he cried eagerly, "if you will permit me! The new rose has no name. May I have the honor of calling it by yours?"

The Grand Duke paused. How much understanding there was in his look, and how much humor in his view of the situation! He caught Captain Armytage's smile, but was remarkably quick to answer it.

"You may call it the Saxe-Munden," he said calmly. "But the honor will be to the name, sir, not to the rose," and then he passed on again, reflecting, perhaps, how easy it was to make a man happy; and the enthusiast's rose

flourished through two days of the Show as the Saxe-Munden, and has since gone a considerable way under that sounding title.

It was refreshing, declared many well-known exhibitors, to have a visit from a Highness who knew one rose from another, and who could show a really intelligent interest in almost everything he saw. Indeed, it began to be understood, at last, that the Grand Duke had been specially chosen by His Majesty as his representative at Whichester simply because he did know something about horticulture. When to this knowledge was added his unfailing tact, his abounding geniality, his consideration, and his courtesy, it could not be denied that probably no other person living could have filled his place so well. What a shameless jade was Rumor, who had persistently reported John of Saxe-Munden as sour and selfish and so eccentric as to be scarcely responsible for his actions!

Under these golden opinions, His Highness closed his tour of the Show and came at last to the great marquee, where refreshments had been laid. Here gathered the committee, the majority of the Corporation of the town, and a select number of guests from the local seats of the mighty, some of whom had prepared a pretty tableau to greet the appearance of His Highness. As he entered, a little maid of the bewitching age of twelve stepped forward to meet him, and offered him a choice bouquet of roses.

His Highness was visibly affected. He accepted the gift without hesitation, and with a simple kindness that suited the occasion well.

"I will keep these," he said, "and take them back to London with me." And then he startled the interested assembly with a strange question.

"My dear," he said, "do you ever pray?"

The child was understood to answer in the affirmative.

"Then," said His Highness, as he laid his hand upon her shoulder and moved to his place at the head of the centre table, "let me ask you to do one thing for me. Pray, my dear, for the Grand Duke of Saxe-Munden. He needs your prayers."

Naturally, the company was charmed by the incident. "What is remarkable about His Highness," whispered little Lord Bannerbridge to the equerry, "is—is his humility, if I may say so, as well as his lofty conception of the privileges and duties of his position."

The equerry assented with very much mingled feelings and more bewilderment than enthusiasm. In fact, Captain Armytage felt more and more that he had been deceived in Mr. Inchcape, and the feeling was not agreeable to his vanity. Since their first words together in the morning, the positions of the two men had been reversed, and, instead of being the guide and controller of his Duke, he had fallen quite into the background, and had seen his charge take matters entirely into his own hands. Certainly he was doing it well—inexplicably well—dangerously well; but the equerry found his chief discomfort in the feeling that he had lost control, and was being carried along by a will whose power and purpose he did not know. The idea which had vaguely suggested itself to him in the morning—that Mr. Inchcape had formed a programme—had been vaguely confirmed, and the difficulty was that he did not know what further items the programme might contain.

This difficulty, however, was soon to be solved. A certain number of speeches had been arranged for during the meal, and as the Duke had to leave soon, they commenced early. One was by the secretary of the committee, and dealt chiefly with facts and figures; another was by the Mayor, who raised

the enthusiasm of the gathering to a high pitch by giving certain instances of benevolence and kindness on the part of the distinguished guest. Another, and of course the greatest, was by Lord Bannerbridge, who dealt largely with himself and his personal interests and influences in high places, and at more moderate length with the charms of their guest and the purpose of his visit.

Naturally, the Grand Duke was expected to reply. For some time Captain Armytage had been trying vainly to get a word as to his intentions; indeed, he almost began to suspect at last that Mr. Inchcape was avoiding him. As Lord Bannerbridge closed, however, he managed to reach his Duke's ear.

"You will speak?" he asked anxiously.

"Oh, yes. I feel that I must," said Mr. Inchcape soberly.

The equerry was lost in a mist. "You will need to be cautious. You will not forget?" was all he could say as the chance passed.

Mr. Inchcape nodded so cheerfully and composedly that the captain's doubts were doubled. There was something in his Duke's benevolent smile that made him feel mysteriously uneasy, and brought to his mind, in some incomprehensible way, their first meeting at St. Pancras, when the Grand Duke had been brutal, and he, Armytage, had seconded him by blank rudeness. He did not know why, but he wished it had not been so.

But in another moment his Grand Duke was up.

He was received with long-continued applause, which he acknowledged gracefully. Those who were near him saw a great deal in his face, and those afar off perceived that he was smiling. In fact he did not cease smiling until he sat down. To Captain Armytage's surprise, he spoke well, with a very effective German ac-

cent. After all, you can never be sure that any man you meet is not a natural orator; and as to the other point, Mr. Inchcape had once employed a German cashier.

"My Lord," he began, "Mr Mayor, Ladies, and Gentlemen,—Let me first tell you that the kind things which have just been said about John of Saxe-Munden are entirely undeserved." (Cries of "No, no," and a distinct uneasiness on the part of Captain Armytage.) "Well, let me qualify that statement by admitting that perhaps I do not know His Highness as well as you do, and that I only speak from my own impression of him." (Much laughter.) "I thank, however, those who have spoken, and I am quite willing, under the circumstances, to take to myself all the compliments offered."

A pause, wherein Captain Armytage smiled strangely as the remarks came home to him, while there was some laughter and a little bewilderment. The conviction that His Highness was a perfectly grand old fellow was quite unshakable after that. As soon as the commotion had subsided he resumed his speech.

"It is not at all likely, ladies and gentlemen," he went on, "that I shall ever again visit you in this capacity. But you must believe me that I shall not forget Winchester, and that the fortunes of your horticultural festival will always be a matter of great and peculiar interest to me." ("Hear, hear!") "As time is short, however—I perceive that my equerry looks distinctly uneasy—will you permit me to turn from the public aspect of my visit to a more private and personal one?" ("Hear, hear!" and more distinct uneasiness on the part of Captain Armytage.)

"From a very early age, ladies and gentlemen," continued the benevolent speaker, "I have kept before myself a certain clear conception of the duties

of those who walk in high places." ("Hear, hear!" but deep bewilderment in several quarters.) "You would be surprised, I believe, if you knew the character of this conception of mine. You would be more surprised if you could know how impossible it has generally been for me to act up to my conception. Alas, my lord, what a great gulf often lies between conception and action!" (Here little Lord Bannerbridge shook his head mournfully, and several other persons who had heard Dame Rumor mention the Grand Duke's name now and again glanced at each other meaningfully.) "However," went on the speaker, "they say that opportunity comes once to every man, and at last she has come to me." (Hear, hear!" and great applause.) "I am able to-day, under circumstances most unexpected and remarkable, to give you an indication of what power and place should do with a day's opportunities. That is, of course, according to one humble man's idea of things."

There was considerable sensation at this point, followed by silent suspense. Captain Armytage sat fixed and rigid, staring at his plate. After a pause, the Grand Duke went on with evident enjoyment.

"Ladies and gentlemen, what are we but stewards? What am I to-day but a steward of the powers and treasures of Saxe-Munden? I realized this keenly as I drove through the streets this morning with His Worship the Mayor, and heard of the benevolent institutions that needed assistance."

The Mayor of Winchester was roused to excitement by this sudden turn. A slip of paper had now appeared in the Grand Duke's hand. The silence that reigned was one of great expectation.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said His Highness impressively, "I will read the

list to you. It is as follows: "The Children's Hospital—God bless the children! ladies and gentlemen—two thousand pounds in debt. The General Hospital—most noble of institutions—five thousand pounds. The School for Deaf and Dumb Children—this call is clear if inarticulate—eleven hundred pounds. The Institute for the Blind, nine hundred pounds. The total sum is nine thousand pounds."

There was another long pause. Lord Bannerbridge and probably several others present clasped their pockets convulsively in secret. Only the trembling equerry did not imagine that the speaker was going to make a touching appeal for subscriptions.

"Ladies and gentlemen," continued the Grand Duke—and, as he spoke, grandeur and benevolence seemed to ring in every tone, while his fine old figure appeared to grow more and more imposing—"I have already hinted at the nature of my conception. Never again shall I have the opportunity of putting it into practice here, and who shall blame me if I do so now? To all those needy institutions, then, I say, Be free! The burden of debt is removed, and you take up your beneficent labors to-morrow with a clear course, a clean sheet. The—"

Before the sentence could be concluded the speaker was interrupted by a tumult of cheers, a deafening clamor of applause. No one observed the painful start given by Capt'n Armytage. In a minute or two, however, as the Duke remained standing, the noise subsided into a tense silence, and he was enabled to finish.

Apparently he had only half-a-dozen words more to utter, and these completed a pregnant and satisfying sentence:

"Ladies and gentlemen, *the Grand Duke pays!*"

Then Mr. Inchcape sat down.

### THE CATALOGUES OF THE LIBRARY OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Always complete, never completed: this paradox expresses the absolute truth with regard to what, in the world of letters, may be regarded as the greatest gift which the last quarter of the nineteenth century bequeathed to the twentieth. More exactly, however, it was between 1880 and 1899 that the work of transforming the catalogue from a single manuscript copy into print, multiplied to such an extent as to meet the demands of scholars and students over the whole world, was begun and carried to a triumphant conclusion.

To those who regard the production of a great daily newspaper as a most casual and ordinary part of the world's work, the expressions I have used may well seem extravagant, especially if they have no knowledge of catalogue-making in general and the making of the catalogue of the library of the British Museum in particular. Some idea, however, of the task which has been accomplished may be gathered from the statement that the work which forms the basis of this article was the subject of almost endless discussion and experiment extending over a period of close on ninety years,—discussion and experiment, be it added, not of tyros but of men whose whole life was lived in an atmosphere of books, and who naturally desired the best and easiest method of discovering how to arrange them so that they might be found with the least loss of time.

The difficulty which was experienced in finding out what books the library of the British Museum contained was vividly demonstrated at the time when Carlyle was engaged on his history of the French Revolution.

The great historian's first interview with the authorities of the British Museum of that time began with acrimony and concluded with a personal breach which was never healed. Sir Henry Ellis was chief librarian at the time, an office which, by the way, is, from the popular point of view, somewhat contradictory in its terms. The chief librarian of an ordinary library superintends only printed books, but at the Museum Sir Edward Maunde Thompson, who, at present, fills the office, is general superintendent of the whole institution, each department of which has its special catalogue. The chief librarian, so far as the printed books are concerned, is known officially as the Keeper of Printed Books, an office now held by Mr. G. K. Fortescue, to whom every man and woman who uses the reading-room of the British Museum owes an inestimable debt of gratitude for help which he has rendered to them both directly and indirectly.

At the time of the quarrel Carlyle had published certain works and was beginning to be recognized as a rising force in literature. Sir Henry Ellis, however, declared that he had never heard of such a man, and drew the retort from the even then irascible historian: "Then I think the gentleman should take pains to inform himself on a subject of which he is so deficient in knowledge."

The head of the Printed Book Department at the time was Mr. (afterwards Sir) Anthony Panizzi, the Napoleon of Librarians, as one of his contemporaries has called him. He was a man, who by reason of his strong personality, was almost equally

malignated during his lifetime and since his death by those who were not favorably impressed by his dominant character, Panizzi was, as his name shows, an Italian. Seeking refuge in London, he became a naturalized English subject almost immediately after his arrival, and there is little doubt that the completeness of the catalogue of the library of the British Museum, as it exists to-day, a completeness which makes our national library supreme among all the libraries of the world, is mainly due to his enthusiasm, his knowledge, and his devotion.

Panizzi being in charge of the library of the British Museum, Carlyle went to him to get facilities for his research. He knew that there was a great collection of pamphlets, newspapers, broad-sheets, and street-placards, which had been issued every day in Paris during the Revolution, to be found in certain of the Paris libraries, and he also knew that a similar collection, perhaps even larger and more curious, lay buried in our British Museum. It was, however, inaccessible because there was no proper catalogue to it. These French Revolution pamphlets and the Thomason tracts, numbering altogether between 50,000 and 100,000, Carlyle wished placed at his disposal to be examined by him as he desired without going through the usual formalities.

In order to get a book, any student who has obtained permission to use the reading-room of the British Museum has to fill up on a slip the name of the author, the title of the book, a number and certain letters called the press-mark, indicating the press and shelf in which it is kept, and the year in which the book was published. This slip he signs with his name, adding the distinctive mark of the desk at which he is sitting. Carlyle desired to dispense with all these formalities. Not only did he wish not to have to write for each book separately, but not to

write for them at all. Further, he desired to be able to take from the shelves whatever books he wanted, and to be accommodated with a private room because the noise in the reading-room disturbed him. This was obviously preposterous. One attendant could not be spared to attend even to Thomas Carlyle, and the statutes of the British Museum, framed for the safety of the collection as a whole, prevent readers from having what is now called open access to the shelves. Had he been willing to abide by the regulations the books would have gone to him in barrow-loads, provided he wrote out the necessary slips; for there is no limit to the number of books one may ask for, and this facility of getting scores of books at a time is now granted as a part of the ordinary day's routine to the poorest or youngest student.

The effect which the refusal of his demands made on Carlyle, and the way it angered him to personal recrimination, may be gauged from the fact that, in an article he published in *The Westminster Review* on the histories of the French Revolution, he referred to the lack of a catalogue to the books on that subject in the following words: "Some fifteen months ago the respectable sub-Librarian seemed to be working on such a thing. By respectful application to him you could gain access to his room and have the satisfaction of mounting on ladders and reading the outside title of his books—which was a great help." That reference to Panizzi as "the respectable sub-Librarian" widened the breach between them, and they never spoke again.

A little later a Royal Commission sat to enquire into the working of the Museum library and the way in which it was possible to augment its usefulness by means of a new catalogue. The Commission, which included some of

the most celebrated men of the day, was engaged for two years (from 1847 to 1849) in collecting evidence which is published in a large volume containing 823 pages of foolscap. Officials and students, from the world at large, were examined. Among them was Carlyle who, in answer to a question, remarked that, in the absence of a proper catalogue, "For all practical purposes this collection of ours might as well have been locked up in watertight chests and sunk on the Dogger Banks as be in the British Museum."

When it is remembered that at first the department of printed books at the British Museum began with only the 50,000 volumes presented by Sir Hans Sloane, to which that of Major Edwards was added in 1769, the fact that it is now the largest library in Europe is one on which every Englishman may plume himself. Now the library grows every year at the rate of about 100,000 pieces, made up roughly of 50,000 books and pamphlets and 50,000 parts, in addition to about a quarter of a million newspapers. By law the Museum receives a copy of every book published in the British Isles; but as the library is also augmented by the purchase of the pick of the literature of the world, every important work written in any language is at the disposal of the student, while vast numbers of authors the world over present copies of their books to the Museum.

The need, therefore, of a complete catalogue becomes at once apparent. That there should be any difficulty in making catalogues at all seems incredible to people who have had no experience in such work. As a matter of fact it is an amazingly difficult task. So great a mathematician as the late Professor De Morgan said, "I am perfectly satisfied of this, that one of the most difficult things that one can set himself to do is to describe a book correctly. So strongly impressed, too, was

Cardinal Borromeo with the difficulties that he absolutely forbade, under pain of excommunication, any one attempting to make a catalogue of the celebrated collection of books he had brought together in Milan. The practical difficulties of cataloguing were shown in the case of the Bodleian Library at Oxford, in regard to which the statement has been made that at one time "for one entry which is unobjectionable there are two at least which contain inaccuracy, confusion, or incompleteness." Now the Bodleian is catalogued on the lines laid down by the British Museum and is therefore as accurate as it is possible to be.

As an ounce of experience is worth a ton of precept, so an example or two will demonstrate more vividly than anything else the difficulties which beset a man who would make a really valuable catalogue.

Before he became associated with the British Museum, Panizzi was approached with a view to editing the catalogue of its library which was being prepared by the Royal Society. If ever there was a place in which one would expect absolute accuracy to prevail, it would surely be the Royal Society. One of the first things which Panizzi found in looking through the catalogue was that a book on starfish was indexed as if it were an astronomical work on constellations; and this in spite of the fact that it was illustrated with plates, and on the title-page was an oval engraving representing on the upper half the heavens with stars, and on the lower half the sea with starfish, while beneath was the motto (in Latin) "As is the upper so is the lower." When this error was pointed out to him, the cataloguer argued that the stars below must belong to the domain of astronomy if they were like those above.

Again, after the death of the famous mathematician Mr. J. A. D'a Cunha,

Monsieur J. M. D'Abreu translated his *Mathematical Principles* into French under the title of *Principes Mathématiques de feu J. A. D'a Cunha*. The worthy gentleman who catalogued the work had that little knowledge which is said to be a dangerous thing. He knew that *feu* was French for fire. There his knowledge stopped short; he did not know that prefixed to a man's name it indicated that he was dead, and accordingly indexed the work in the following way: *D'a Cunha (J. A.) Opuscules Mathématiques de Feu: traduits littéralement du Portugais par J. M. D'Abreu*. What is meant possibly he himself did not know, but he is certainly worthy a place beside the official of the Board of Agriculture who once sent to the publisher for twelve copies of Miss Edgeworth's essay on Irish Bulls in the belief that something might be learnt from them as to the improvement of the breed of cattle.

Another vivid example of the difficulty of cataloguing was furnished by Mr. Payne Collier in his evidence before the Royal Commission. He suggested a quick method. In order to test it twenty-five titles were selected and catalogued. When the result came to be examined it was found that under this method there were thirteen different kinds of error and an average of two blunders in each title. What would have happened if it had been adopted one trembles to think.

That the utmost caution in selecting the right method of making a catalogue is necessary has been proved not only by the experience of previous attempts in the Museum itself but by the great Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris. In the eighteenth century the authorities decided to have a catalogue; but instead of forming this catalogue alphabetically according to the names of the authors, it arranged the work according to the class of subject. It began with a history of France; this

was divided, re-divided, sub-divided, and sub-sub-divided in every conceivable sort of way, with the result that there lives not a man to-day who can find anything in it. Realizing their error in 1897, the authorities ordered the production of what is called a *catalogue générale des livres imprimés*. Of this there have now been published twenty volumes which do not complete the letter B. If, working at the same rate, two letters are finished in eight years, how long will the whole alphabet take? A prize will not be offered for the correct solution of this problem.

The first printed catalogue of the British Museum library was issued under the editorship of Sir Henry Ellis and the Rev. H. H. Baber between the years 1813 and 1819. Its title was written in Latin, *Librorum Impressorum qui in Museo Britannico adversantur Catalogus*. In their attempts to keep it up to date by adding the titles of new books to it in manuscript it soon became illegible. Those who have seen this catalogue say that the printed part looks like an island of print in an ocean of handwriting. This, however, remained the only catalogue until the Royal Commission sat; it was no wonder, therefore, that Carlyle was unable to discover in it what he wanted. Indeed for the better part of the first half of the nineteenth century,—certainly for considerably more than a third—the department of printed books, which is now the chief part of the library, was but little noticed. The idea of making it a national library, in the highest sense of the term, existed only in Panizzi's head, and people were amazed when he showed that the Museum contained 40,000 more volumes than were contained in any library in the modern world previous to the French Revolution.

In 1834 Panizzi, then an Assistant Keeper, proposed to Mr. Baber, the Keeper of the Printed Books, that he

should direct the construction of the general catalogue which was then in contemplation, as the scheme formulated by Mr. Baber himself had not been adopted. It was then that the question of a printed catalogue was first raised. To this Panizzi was vehemently opposed, but his views were over-ruled. When it was decided to print, he strongly advised that no portion of the catalogue should be sent to press until the whole was ready; this advice, also, was ignored. In 1841 the first volume of the catalogue was issued; it was also the last. Printing was proved a hopeless failure, and the reason was obvious. The determination to print the entries under the letter A before the whole catalogue was ready made A incomplete when it was published, for new books were being found in the old catalogues which should have been entered under A and cross references were constantly springing up too late to be incorporated in the proofs. As a matter of fact the library at that time was too deficient in most branches of literature to deserve a printed catalogue at all.\*

The Royal Commission proved, however, that a catalogue was necessary. Accordingly a scheme was drawn up by Panizzi, aided by certain eminent men then connected with the Museum, Thomas Watts, J. Winter Jones, Edward Edwards, and Serjeant Parry. Many other distinguished men have also worked on the catalogue, among them being Edward Cary (the translator of Dante), Coventry Patmore, and W. R. S. Ralston.

The labor involved in drawing up these rules at the time is shown by the following statement of Panizzi himself:

When we drew up these rules, easy as it may seem, my associates and myself worked all day long for weeks: we never went out of the Library from morning to night. We worked the whole day and at night too, and on

Sundays besides, to submit the rules from time to time to the Sub-committee of the Trustees.

How perfect those rules were may be judged by the fact that, though they were revised a few years ago, they have remained on the whole the most widely adopted rules in the English-speaking world, and any one beginning a library catalogue to-day would have to work on the principles laid down by Panizzi and his colleagues.

The catalogue thus begun took thirty years to make and cost a quarter of a million sterling. Admirable as it was in many respects, it contained some absurdities, not to say stupidities. If one wanted to find the Waverley novels, the most obvious thing would be to turn to Sir Walter Scott. Not so, said Panizzi; the Waverley novels were published anonymously, therefore they must be catalogued under Waverley with a reference to Scott. Again, if one wanted a copy of *Comus*, the poem was not found under C or under Milton's name, for *Comus* was published anonymously and it had to be looked for under Ludlow Castle, where the masque was first presented. The system of cross references, which is largely in use at the present time, would, it need hardly be said, enable one to find these works in a much more direct and simple way.

When, in accordance with the finding of the Royal Commission, the catalogue was begun, what was called the carbonic process had just been introduced. This was the use of carbon paper for multiplying copies, and it was resolved to use it. Four copies of the title of every book were written out on slips of thin, strong paper; these slips were pasted at the ends and, in their proper alphabetical order, were fixed on sheets of thick paper bound up into large books. As they were readily removed by a paper-knife it

was easy to keep them in their exact order, but that was the only advantage they possessed. Any new edition of a book which was published meant the re-writing and transcribing of the whole title and the moving of other entries on the page. If there were a hundred editions of one book (a by no means uncommon thing) there were a hundred entries, in different hand-writings, many of them by no means legible and not a few of them faint and faded. To increase the difficulty for the users, these catalogues were constantly being removed from their place in the reading-room in order that fresh pages might be inserted. Being in manuscript the bulk of the catalogue was enormous, and in time this got to be one of its drawbacks. In 1880 it consisted of nearly 3000 volumes. The authorities were naturally amazed, and as a volume often had to be split into two or three, merely because it became so unwieldy, it was by no means difficult to calculate the time when the catalogue alone would fill 9000 volumes, and there was no room for anything like that number of them in the reading-room.

Another drawback to the manuscript catalogue was the obvious one that it could only be used in the reading-room and was therefore of no use to other libraries, and could not be consulted by any one at a distance.

It was in 1875 that Dr. Richard Garnett saw the necessity for printing the catalogue, merely from the point of view of reducing the bulk of the volumes. In 1879 Sir Edward Bond, K.C.B., then Principal Librarian, proposed to the Treasury to substitute printing for writing in the case of all future additions to the Museum's possessions. This was agreed upon, and a sum of £10,000 a year was set apart for the purpose. The details were settled by Sir Edward and Mr. Bullen. The superintendence of the printing

was relegated to Professor Douglas; the editing of the catalogue was in large measure undertaken by Dr. Garnett; and by 1880 the presses were at work.

Soon after this Sir Edward Bond pointed out to the Treasury the extravagance involved in maintaining the old manuscript copy, owing to the unending expense of breaking up the volumes, rebinding, and relaying them. Then, and only then, was it resolved to begin printing the catalogues as a whole, and there were many who believed that at least forty or fifty years would be occupied in the task. Great, therefore, was the wonder when the work was completed in twenty years and the 2000 volumes were reduced to 393, which practically any one may now buy at a cost of £84.

The general catalogue is kept complete by means of the accession catalogue in which all the new books are entered. As soon as the Museum receives a copy of a book it is sent to the catalogue department in which some fifty men spend their lives, at least twenty of them being men of natural gifts and the best training, while the other thirty are for the most part non-commissioned officers who are employed on the necessary clerical work.

The catalogue is an authors catalogue, and each book as it is received is entered under the author's name on a slip. These slips are then collected and docketed with the number of the press and a letter representing the shelf on which the book is placed. Every fortnight this list is sent to the printers. So soon as the proof has been corrected, the sheets are printed and distributed to the subscribers of the various institutions which are entitled to receive them. Four copies are then cut up for the catalogue in the reading-room, and each entry is pasted as near to its proper place in the general catalogue as it is possible to put

it. While the general catalogue is printed in two columns and on ordinary paper, that for use in the reading-room is arranged in one column on strong vellum paper, the opposite column being left blank for the insertion of new titles. When enough additional entries have been pasted into a volume to make it inconvenient to add more, that volume is sent off to the printers in order to be set up entirely afresh, and it is for this reason that, though the catalogue is always complete, it never will be completed until the time comes when no more books are written in any part of the world.

Another source of constant alteration in the catalogue is occasioned by changes in the condition and position of writers. If a clergyman, for instance, writes a book and, later on, is made a bishop, the alteration of his name and title has to be made at once, while, if he is translated to another see, the catalogue has to be altered again. So it is with other names. If a man is knighted the fact has to be noted in the catalogue, as it is again if he is made a baronet, while if he is later elevated to the peerage the whole thing has to be done a third time, and as his new name is rarely the same as his old, all the entries have to be removed from their old place and the new ones substituted in their proper place.

The cost of this printing amounts to some thousands of pounds yearly, and it was calculated by Dr. Garnett that, at one time, each volume cost about £110.

The result of printing the catalogue and distributing copies of it has been that a student in any part of the world where there is a large library can discover if the book he needs is at the British Museum, for practically every library of importance now has a copy of the Museum catalogue. Further, if such a student takes the trouble to provide himself with the necessary slip

and sends it to the superintendent, saying that on a given date he wishes a book got ready for his use, he will, by filling in title, author, and press-mark in the proper way, find it waiting for him. Indeed, such are the unfailing traditions of the courtesy of the superintendent of the reading-room that the mere writing of a note asking for the book, without giving any other data than its title and author, would be sufficient; the superintendent would have the necessary form filled up and the book procured.

As has been stated above, the catalogue is merely an authors catalogue, yet there are certain class headings, under which some great subjects are grouped together. Thus, under the head of Bible there are about 31,000 entries; under the head of England 26,400, which are included in twenty volumes and have a special index for them alone, while under the head of France there are 14,300 titles and under the head of Shakespeare 4700 entries. As the volumes, when first printed, each contain about 4400 titles it is easy to determine approximately how many volumes of the catalogue are devoted to any one of these subjects. When, however, by the process of addition, each volume of the general catalogue is quite full, it holds about 9000 titles.

The result of printing the catalogue has been that as the catalogue desks can contain 2000 volumes, and each is capable of holding 9000 titles, accommodation has been provided for 18,000,000 titles. The number now entered is about 4,500,000, and at the present rate of increase three hundred years will elapse before the 2000 volumes are full,—this, too, although cross references are being largely added to the catalogue.

Every five years, since 1880, a subject index has been published dealing with the books which have been issued

during that period. So wide and thorough has been the work that practically every matter of importance is included in it. Thus, in the last index there are to be found something like 150 books in almost all the European languages on the Dreyfus affair, and between 400 and 500 on the South African War.

As well as these general catalogues there are special ones relating to other departments of the library which, it must be clearly understood, is by no means limited to printed books, for the manuscript departments are exceedingly rich and valuable. Some of these catalogues are still in manuscript, and it would be difficult to say when they will be printed. Among the special printed catalogues mention must, however, be made of two of the utmost importance. These are an authors index and a subject index of the 40,000 and odd books which form what is known as the reference library and are at the free disposal of all who use the reading-room, not only without the necessity of making written application for them, but with merely the trouble of going to the indicated shelf and removing the book required.

In addition to these, thanks to the enthusiasm of Mr. G. K. Fortescue, the world has comparatively recently been furnished with a subject index of all the important books issued during the past twenty years. It is published in three volumes, contains about 155,000 titles, and includes also the names of the authors and the press-mark of the books as well as their titles and the year of their publication. By this means the labor of the student is immeasurably lightened, and it is not going too far to say that the enormous increase in the use of the Museum reading-room, shown by the fact that

the number of books written for has doubled during the last ten years, is due entirely to Mr. Fortescue's index, which makes it less trouble now to get out twenty-five books than it was to get out a single one before it was issued. It is this catalogue which places the world of literary men in Mr. Fortescue's everlasting debt, though we all owe him a much more personal debt for the unfailing help which he so readily and ungrudgingly accords when we want more special knowledge on any particular subject.

Admirable as the Museum catalogue is, in one respect it is sadly perplexing, owing to the authorities' refusal to recognize the fundamental fact that the English alphabet consists of twenty-six letters. They catalogue together I and J, and U and V, thus making practically twenty-four letters, and incidentally no end of confusion for those who use the reading-room. This would be a perfectly proper proceeding if we were living in Italy some two thousand years ago, but to-day it is sheer pedantry, not to say stupidity, for England and for the whole English-using world. While the symbols I and J are kept separate as initials, they are both treated as one letter, so that if one wants to look up, say, Iambic, one finds it after Jamaica, while Jerusalem comes a long way before Ivy. Even officials in the reading-room have been heard to express, in private, their disapproval of this method of cataloguing. The authorities of the British Museum, however, are a law unto themselves, and in this, as in some other things, it is their own ideas rather than considerations of the public benefit which apparently weigh with them, though it is the public money which supports the institution.

*Rudolph de Cordova.*

## THE BREATH UPON THE SPARK.

A stick, once fire from end to end;  
Now, ashes save the tip that holds a  
spark!  
Yet, blow the spark, it runs back,  
spreads itself  
A little where the fire was: thus I urge  
The soul that served me, till it task  
once more  
What ashes of my brain have kept  
their shape,  
And these make effort on the last o'  
the flesh,  
Trying to taste again the truth of  
things!

*Robert Browning.*

It was at Burnham in Somersetshire—that queer little old-world watering-place, with all the soft, green West Country behind it, and the gray waters of the Bristol Channel before—that I met him. The sea-front, which is only a sea-front because some Balbus has builded there a wall to prevent Burnham from slipping ignominiously into the sea, and which cannot with propriety be called a parade, since there are only three women, half-a-dozen children, and a brace of men to parade up and down it, has none of the mechanical horrors which in increasing numbers vulgarize and deface the modern seaside "resort." It looks out upon a stretch of sand devoid of switchbacks, flying-machines, and the like, beyond which is a belt of gray mud, leading to an expanse of untroubled, grayish sea, and somewhere in the dim distance lies Cardiff and the coast-line of Wales. It is the most conservative place in the world—and the quietest. It was precisely as it is now when I first remember it some thirty years ago—the same sand, the same mud, the same sea, the same rows of rather ancient houses, the same useless wooden lighthouse hiding itself discreetly from passing ships amid the big dry sand

dunes. "As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be," might have been written of Burnham, one is tempted to think, so powerless have been the changing years to work in it any visible change; and as I looked upon the old familiar sights, recognizing as life-long friends suddenly recalled to memory the ancient landmarks that had been my playmates in those days of early childhood, when existence was one unbroken, irresponsible game of play, a great sadness was upon me. The years, the thirty years, that had slid by since last I stood on the old sea-front, had fashioned and broken so many things for me; they had seen such fair castles of hope builded and brought to nought; such big failures, such trivial successes; such battles won and lost; such dreams woven and rent to pieces; they had watched Youth, the invincible, the very sanguine, the ambitious, give place, for me, to Middle Age, the sombre, the chastened, the sadly experienced, whose one object in life was to "carry on," lest some worse thing befall. And that these years, which had held for me so much of disappointment and of disillusionment, had passed over the head of Burnham leaving it untouched, seemed to emphasize the pathos of the change which they had wrought in me. Therefore, as I gazed out upon the peaceful, sleepy scene, my heart was heavy within me.

For old sake's sake I bent my steps towards the broken-down stone pier which points a little stumpy finger at the sea, and when I had skated out along the wet slabs to the end I became suddenly aware that it was already occupied by a solitary figure that crouched above a camp-stool upon which it was seated. As I drew near I

saw that it was the figure of an old man who held in his tremulous hands a fishing-rod with which he was angling feebly and ineffectually for hypothetical fishes. There is always, to my mind, something pathetic in the patience of the persistent and unsuccessful fisherman, something indicative of a woefully slackened vitality that renders possible this long-drawn triumph of unrewarded hope over an experience that holds no promise; and in this case, it seemed to me, the pathos was deeper than usual, so old and bent and feeble was the man who sat there, so shaky the hold he had upon his rod, so weak the efforts he made to cast his line far out from the pier-head.

"I hope my presence won't interfere with your sport, sir," I hazarded when I came up to him.

He looked up at me out of two dull, steel-gray eyes, deeply sunken in a face lined, crossed, and recrossed with a network of wrinkles, a face from which the color had been parched by age till the hue had become that of a piece of charred paper. A heavy white moustache hung over his mouth, and beneath it the shrunken chin wagged in a sort of palsy.

"Not at all," he said in a voice that was so quiet, so far away, that it was almost a whisper. "Not at all. There are not many fish here to be frightened, for one thing; besides, I always like company."

"That's very nice of you," I said, as I seated myself on the edge of the pier at his side. "Have you caught anything?"

"No," he replied, with a short laugh that sounded somehow as though he were laughing at himself. "No, I haven't caught anything. I haven't even had a bite for days."

I laughed too.

"Do you fish here much?" I asked.

"All day and every day, I think; that is to say, when it is not too cold."

"And do you never catch anything?" I inquired.

"Sometimes," he answered in the same passionless way. "Sometimes, but not often." Then, after a pause, "I fear you must think me a very foolish old fellow, but, you see, you are young; you are still at the time of life when a man can do things. I, why, I haven't even enough nerve left to play golf! I've done everything that I am ever going to do. Now I am waiting—waiting for the end; and while I wait, I want only quiet and a great peace so that I may listen to the voices of other days, feel the throb of the life that once was mine, to—how does it go?—

To live again in memory  
With those old faces of our infancy,  
Heap'd over with a mound of grass,  
Two handfuls of gray dust, shut in an  
urn of brass!

He mouthed the words lovingly, speaking, as it seemed, more to himself than to me, and I sat silent, watching him. His old eyes had in them a steady patience, which was not only the patience of the undefeatable fisherman. He had said that he was waiting—waiting for the end; and the moment that he had uttered the words they had seemed to supply, in some sort, the key-note of the man. He sat there, at the end of the old pier, himself so old and bowed and time-worn, waiting, without hurry, without fear, without any trace of the fever of expectancy, but with an immense settled calm and patience, not for the fish that never came, but for the End, to whose certain coming he offered neither a welcome nor a prayer for delay.

"I, too, have been living, 'again in memory' this morning, sir," I said presently. Somehow one "slid" the old fellow instinctively, and not only by reason of his years. "It is more than a quarter of a century since I

was last at Burnham, and the marvellous absence of all change in the old place contrasts so acutely with the changes of which I am conscious in myself that my mind has been running back through the past, arraigning the years that have gone over my head and the part which I have played in them, as I never can remember to have done before."

"Ah!" he said, with a long in-drawing of his breath. "So you have felt it too! That is the genius of Burnham! It is itself so unchanging that it furnishes, as it were, a blank canvas upon which the pictures of the years, and of everything those years have held—for you, for me, for all of us—are cast with such a wealth of color, of detail, of distinctness, that here, to a degree unknown in all the world besides, it is given to a man to live through each one of them again in imagination with something of the actuality that belonged to it when the past was the present. That is why I come to Burnham; that is why I sit here hour after hour and day after day—dreaming, and making belief to fish. But you—forgive me, you're so young; yours is still the time for *doing*. Don't waste it in dreams, man; don't waste it in dreams! The time when the will to do is with you yet, but the power to do has been taken from you utterly—when you lack even enough of nerve for golf—will come all too soon. When it comes, as come it must, let there be something done to furnish food for dreams—not dreams of the future, such as young men cherish, empty hopes that torture and elude, but dreams of the past, of big emotions tasted, of the raw, red wine pressed from the grapes of life to the last, least drop, of great things done, of a man's record, such as a man may take before his Maker, humble by reason of its blemishes, humble, but not ashamed!"

The old steel-gray eyes were flashing,

the hands, from which the rod had fallen, had lost their palsy as they clenched and unclenched in passionate gesticulation, the bent frame was straightened, the tired, even voice was ringing with enthusiasm. I thought of Browning's lines, of the

Stick, once fire from end to end;  
Now, ashes save the tip that holds a spark!

and it seemed to me that mine had been the breath which, all unwittingly, had fanned that spark to flame.

"I've done my share of work up to now," I said. "I've only just come up to breathe preparatory for another dive into the vortex. I have more than a score of years of service behind me, and if life and health hold out, I suppose I ought to have nearly as many more ahead of me. My time for doing, as you say, sir, is not yet done, and yet, when I look back over the past, I don't squeeze much satisfaction out of it. I've done so little of the much I once hoped to do; so much remains to be done that I know now I shall never accomplish. It is all really rather a failure, so far as I can see."

"That is because you have not lived long enough yet," he replied, with calm conviction. "Wait till the time for doing is over, wait till you have outlived ambition, till you can get, as it were, a bird's-eye view of your life at last. Then you will see life—your life—clearly, and see it whole. The mistakes will be there, the sins, ay, and the regrets; but if you have done something—something to justify your existence—God being merciful, you will learn, perhaps, to forgive yourself, even as God will forgive you; and it may be much will be pardoned you, because you have done—much?"

"It is a comforting creed," I said, rather bitterly.

"Yet it is the creed our Lord preached," he said gravely. "I dare

say the man with the two talents often told himself in his old age that he might have turned them into something more than four, yet I don't think his Master was hard upon him. When we are young we *think* we have five talents, and we *know* that we shall convert them into twenty. When a man reaches your age he *knows* that he has only two talents, and he *thinks* that he very likely won't succeed in making four of them. When you are as old as I am you will see that you had only one, or part of one, and you will learn to thank God upon your knees if you have not left that to rust in a napkin. Where has your service been?"

"In the East, sir," I replied.

"The East! The East!" he repeated, turning the word upon his tongue as though it had (as in very truth it has) a flavor of its own. "The oldest of the continents—and the youngest! Asia and Age are one, for every man who has eyes wherewith to see, an imagination to give him a glimpse into the tremendous Past, a brain and a heart to aid him to an understanding of something of her marvels and her mysteries; but in the mind of every Anglo-Asiatic who is worth his salt, Asia and Youth are also one! We went to Asia boys, we came back old men, no matter what our age was! Youth and Asia were both ours for a space, and in leaving Asia we left our Youth behind. It was the biggest gift that a man could give, and we gave it to her, our Mistress—gave it ungrudgingly, with both hands, and we asked for nothing in return! Yet she gave us something—memories: memories of Asia and of Youth, eternal memories that will be with us to the end—the end for which I sit waiting, while I dream and dream and make believe to catch mythical fish!"

Again he laughed softly, as though the picture of himself which his last words had painted struck him as whims-

sical; but to me, since my "time of doing" was not yet ended, albeit Asia had robbed me of my youth, and since the years had not yet brought to me his full measure of peace and of contentment, the contrast between the vigorous past and the inertia of the present was a thing of infinite pathos.

For a while I sat smoking in silence. Then the old man spoke again.

"Do I weary you with my haverings and my memories? No? Well, to me, as to others of my years, the things of long ago are more vivid, more real, than the happenings of yesterday. I live in the past, as all men must who have no future—save the end. Will you bear with an old man's foibles and share with me my memories, or—or would it bore you too much?"

"Bore me, sir?" I said. "Of course it won't!" For indeed the old fellow interested me keenly. "I'm down on my luck this morning, disheartened by the past, despairing rather about the future, not too pleased with the present. It is good to think that there are some men, at any rate, whose memories can give both comfort and contentment when the struggle is at last ended."

"Don't mistake me," he said musingly. "My past is full of blemishes, full of mistakes, packed closely with false moves, with things I would fain have otherwise, only, all that is irreparable, done with, past. There are broken bits that no man can pick up, do what he will. My solace lies in the knowledge that I have been young, that I have lived, that I have used my life—let its failures be what they may—and that God has let me do a few things which even now appear to me to have been worth doing."

"It seems like blowing my own trumpet—like *bakhing*, as we used to say—to put these memories of mine into words, but I don't mean it so. You see, the man of whom I am speaking

was some one so different from the man I now am that I hardly realize that I am, in truth, speaking of myself. To-day, as I have told you, I haven't an atom of nerve left in me; then— Well, let us call it vanity, if you will; but it is like a father's pride in his son, or a son's pride in his father, it is so impersonal, so remote.

"There comes to every man under the sun, in one shape or another, the 'tide in his affairs' which, though it may not lead on to fortune, nor yet down to ruin, proves him, shows what is in him, brings out anything worth counting that may be latent in him, and exposes his weaknesses too, often enough. That tide came to me in the Terrible Year—in '57—which found us English folk, little handfuls of us, isolated, almost defenceless, facing the brown millions who for once were banded together against us by hate and wrath. I was an Assistant Deputy Commissioner of sorts, stowed away in a God-forsaken district at the Back of Beyond, and had been so long alone among the natives that I could not speak half-a-dozen sentences of my own language without slipping in a word or two of Persian or Hindustani. I prided myself upon having my fingers on the pulse of native life in that district, and upon knowing as much about the dusky insides of Orientals as is good for any man, but for months before the trouble came I was uneasy. Things were going forward of which I could not get the hang. There was a sort of undercurrent of whisperings whose meaning I could not catch, that yet was somehow audible at the back of the familiar speech. There was mystery in the air; you felt it, yet could find to it no key. It was like smelling blood, like smelling blood!"

"During those months I knew what it is to be possessed by a demon of fear! I was so afraid that I did not dare report to headquarters lest men

should know what a coward I was; besides, I had nothing tangible to report. I told myself that it was all fancy, that Asia was playing the devil with me, that I was losing my nerve. I longed to apply for leave—they used to give you long spells of furlough after a ten years' tour of service in those days—but I was ashamed to ask for it simply because I knew in the heart of me that it was blank, unreasoning fear that prompted the desire. So I hung on, hung on with both hands, as it were, shuddering with funk. It was a devil of a bad time—the worst in my life—and it taught me things about myself that left me sick with shame. I was awaiting a catastrophe—I knew not what—and was convinced that when it came it would find me a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal, an empty thing and vain. They searched the soul of me, those months!

"I was in the deepest folds of the Dark Valley when Harold (that was not his real name) came up into my district to shoot, bringing his wife and sister with him. I did not know him from Adam, and I had not seen a European lady for over three years, so I was a bit bothered by the intrusion. I felt shy and awkward in the company of the ladies, was ashamed of the unkempt appearance which I knew myself to present, and was so out of the habit of dealing with white folk that I was only too glad to ship the party off into a corner of the district where game was plentiful as soon as I could contrive to make the necessary arrangements. I did not care much for Harold, nor yet for his sister, though she was a pretty girl, but Mrs. Harold charmed and fascinated me. Harold was a cranky sort of beggar, always grousing about the natives and about his surroundings in a fashion that got upon my nerves. His sister turned up her nose at most things, including me, and took everything that was done for

her as though it was her right, without acknowledgment or 'Thank you'; not that I wanted to be thanked, but I disliked being treated as a kind of upper servant. Mrs. Harold was—well, just everything that a woman can be! Beautiful, with a sort of glory of beauty that yet had in it a certain dainty dignity that held her worlds above you, and good—you could see the goodness looking out of her eyes—and kind, in thought and deed. I have never seen anybody like her before or since; there never can have been another like her. God broke the mould in which she was cast; the world would be different from what it is if there were many made in her image and likeness!

"Yet, as I tell you, I shipped them off as quickly as I could. I hated to think what a boor she must find me, and after they were gone I used to wake up in the night, and go hot and cold all over at the thought of the awkward, inept, stupid things that I had said and done in her presence. And more than ever I was ashamed because I knew myself to be afraid—to go in deadly terror of whisperings and of shadows that might, after all, be only the creatures of my imagination.

"I had had a bad time before they came; I had a worse time still after they had gone. I had lost faith in myself ages before; now I began to lose faith in my work, to ask that merciless, eternal question *Cui bono?* *Cui bono?* When a white man in the East once fails to setting himself that riddle he is in a woefully bad case. So long as we can feel that we are doing something that justifies our presence east of Suez we can hold on, we can fight, we can endure. Doubt as I then doubted, and the devil of despair has you in his grip!"

"The Harolds had been gone a matter of some three weeks when the news reached me of the outbreak down coun-

try. I was sitting on my veranda, smoking my pipe and dreaming, when Haji Muhammad Akhbar, one of the leading natives of the place, came to me suddenly out of the luminous darkness of the night. There was nothing to give me a hint of what was coming, but the moment I saw him my heart stood still, and I knew that my shadowy fears had at last materialized. He was shaking with excitement as he told me of the mutiny of our troops down south, and of the rapidity with which the disaffection was spreading. I believe that in many out-of-the-way stations the intelligence was received by Englishmen at first with blank incredulity, but to me it came, in some sort, as something for which I had been waiting, something that I was expecting, almost as something which I already knew, and it brought with it a sensation of utter helplessness and of ungovernable fear! Englishmen, it is said, are brave. They may be; I don't know. But here, at any rate, was one Englishman who was mad afraid!

"I can remember sitting grasping the arms of my chair while the whole world went round and round with me, and through the chaos came the voice of Haji Muhammad Akhbar, quivering with excitement, its tones rising in mocking, triumphant cadences as though they belonged to some devil who was foretelling the ruin of the British in India.

"'The disaffection spreadeth fast,' he was saying, when presently the meaning of his words was borne in upon my numbed brain. 'This very night it is known in our bazaars; to-morrow the villages also will know. Then, perhaps—who knoweth save Allah, the Merciful, the Compassionate?—the *Raj* of the Sahib-log will have its ending in blood, as in blood it also had its beginning! But this time, or so it seems, it will not be the blood of our people only that will be shed, nor will it be the turn of our

women-folk to be made chattels for the pleasure of new husbands!"

"At that word fear left me and a great wrath alone remained. I rose from my chair, and in an instant I had him by the throat.

"'Have a care, dog,' I cried, as I shook him to and fro while he gasped and whined and struggled. 'Have a care for thy words and for thy deeds. The *Raj* of the Sahib-log is not yet ended, and if blood is to be let, see that it be not thine! In this district I am the *Raj* of the English, and so long as there is life left in me, so long shall the *Raj* endure, and so long shall pig-folk like thee have a watch over their doings and a bridle upon their lips lest more evil things befall them!'

"I threw him from me half strangled, and in a moment he was all abjectness and entreaty, while I still quivered with a passion of anger.

"'Begone!' I cried, spurning him with my foot. 'Begone, and tell to the people of the bazaars and villages that the *Raj* hath still something of life left in it, and how thou hast this night tasted of its quality.' He gathered himself together and, whining excuses, dropped back into the darkness whence he had come.

"When he had gone, I stood for an instant dazed in a world that had of a sudden been shattered about my head. I *realized* for the first time a fact which I had always *known*—the disproportion of the white man's numbers in India to those of the people of the soil. It brought to me something of the feeling of hopelessness and of impotence which a child knows when he finds himself alone and in the dark, when he finds himself in imagination opposing his tiny personality to the immensity of the universe—something of the sense of utter impotence that comes to us at times in nightmares. And the fear was back upon me again in all its cruel, overwhelming force. The ca-

tastrophe had befallen, and for months I had told myself that when it arrived it would find me wanting. For a minute or two that forecast was fulfilled. I was quaking body and soul, dizzy, dazed, defeated.

"Then the words which Haji Muhammad Akhbar had spoken, hinting of the fate that awaited English women in India, flashed across my mind, and with them the thought of the one woman in India who mattered—of Mrs. Harold. With that thought came also the necessity for action, and when a man is called upon to act, and that without an instant's delay, he is relieved from the curse of thinking. It is the habit of taking thought, of letting the imagination have full play—it is that habit, more than conscience, believe me, that makes cowards of us all.

"Harold's camp lay some thirty miles to the north of my station, just beyond those villages whose people would presently know what was already known in the bazaars. As soon as the news spread, the lives of Harold and of his wife and sister would not be worth a moment's purchase. Could I find a messenger whom I could trust? Could I, at this juncture, trust anybody? I hoped that I could, but it was only a hope; I could not be sure, and the risk was too great. In a second of inspiration I saw that I must go myself. I never had a doubt as to the necessity, but even then I knew that my action would have an ugly look; that it might easily be interpreted as a desertion of my post in the hour of peril; that the natives might so translate its meaning, and see in what they would call my flight the fall and the ending of the British *Raj*. I think that during the weary months of suspense I must have exhausted my capacity for fear, since now I was not afraid even of being thought to be afraid, even of doing that which might have the appearance of a craven act.

"I slipped out of the bungalow, went to the stables, found and saddled my mare, locked the stables securely behind me, and rode out into the darkness. The *saises* had all gone down to the bazaar to hear the news, and not a soul in the bungalow or behind it was aware of my going. There was a hum like that of a disturbed beehive coming from the bazaar, where lights were blazing and passing to and fro, and drums and tomtoms pulsed and throbbed with a fevered, restless beat. You could feel the excitement by which the place was possessed tingling in the air like electricity. I took a path which soon led me clear of the town, and directly I was in the open country I put the mare into a hard canter, and headed for the Harold's camp. The memory of that ride is with me yet as a thing of yesterday—the darkness of the night through which I was speeding, the vast shapeless shadows that rose up before, slid past me, and dropped behind, the half-seen kine that made reluctant way for me as I cantered across the grazing-grounds, the dogs that barked from the villages as I rattled past, the droning voices of men intoning the Kurân, the crowing of untimely cocks, and the quivering emotions that jostled one another within me, all combined with the pace at which I was travelling to make one vivid picture that, as I conjure it up again before my mind's eye, sets me thrilling with the strenuous excitement of that hour. Also that ride holds for me, in some sort, the very essence of my youth. These old knees grow strong again for an elusive instant as I feel them gripping the saddle; energy and strength again are mine as I feel myself borne forward at that impetuous pace with the effortless *abandon* that belongs to early manhood. The time for dreaming and for fear was ended, and I knew it. The time for action had come, and with it a sort of intoxication

of recklessness that filled me with a fierce joy and pride. I was happy then, supremely happy, and I can remember that, as I dashed across the open country, I threw my arms aloft in a frenzy of exultation because a big emergency had come, and at last, at last, I was sure of myself! It was a glorious hour, that hour of reaction after long depression and despair, and its glowing memories are with me yet!

"It was only a little after midnight that I reached my destination, and as soon as I had rubbed my mare down and tethered her, I contrived, not without difficulty, to arouse Harold. There was a little moonlight showing by then, and I led him away from the tents, and told him the news that had come in.

"'You mustn't lose a second,' I said. 'The one chance of safety lies in Mrs. Harold and your sister getting to the fort as soon as may be.'

"'And do you seriously believe all this rubbish?' Harold inquired, standing there in his pyjamas, his face unnaturally white in the moonlight.

"'I do,' I said.

"'On no better grounds than a mere native *gup*?"

"'On that and on a hundred and one things that have gone before and now have a new meaning,' I replied.

"'Well, I don't believe a word of it,' he said sneeringly. "Life wouldn't be worth having in India if one let oneself be scared by every rumor, by every lie the natives tell, by every shadow. It's all rot, man; a *canard* of the worst. If there had been anything in it, you would have had some official intimation before this."

"'They've got their hands pretty full down country, I'm thinking,' I rejoined. "They won't have leisure to think about out-stations for a bit. If we wait for official intimations, we shall wait too long.'

"'Well, we'll talk it over in the morn-

ing,' he said with a yawn, stretching himself insolently.

"'You will do nothing of the sort,' I said, and I could hear my voice vibrating with anger. 'You may think that I am a coward, if you like, but I do not mean to take any chances. I am satisfied that the thing is a true bill. I'm responsible for what happens in this district, and by God, man, you have got to do what I say!'

"'Well, I do think that you are rather a nervous person,' said Harold, with a laugh for which I itched to strike him. 'It is an immense bore being turned upside down like this for nothing; but we'll see what my wife says.'

"'Let me speak to her, please,' I said, and 'As you will,' he answered with a shrug.

"We walked back to the tent in silence, and presently Mrs. Harold came out to us, her long, slim figure wrapped in a white dressing-gown.

"'Your husband thinks that I am an alarmist,' I said, 'but I have information of a general mutiny of our troops down country, and I *know* that the news is true. I have left my post in a moment of extreme emergency in order to bring you all in to my fort, which is the nearest approach to safety that I have it in my power to offer you. Everything, in so far as I am concerned, depends upon my getting back before daybreak, and before the natives know that I have left the place; but I won't go without you. Will you come—now, at once?'

"'Yes,' she said simply, bending those grave, true eyes of hers steadily upon me. 'We will come, of course. And thank you. You have risked a great deal to come to us; we understand that, and we are grateful.'

"'Of course,' chimed in Harold, grudgingly. 'No doubt you did what you thought right, and of course we'll do what you wish; but it all appears to me to be a trifle melodramatic and un-

necessary—"moving incidents by flood and field," and that sort of thing, don't you know. Much better in the story-books than in real life, especially when it robs a tired man of his sleep.'

"It took the best part of an hour to make all ready, and Miss Harold joined her brother in his scoffings at the news and at its bearer, but I cared little enough for that. I knew that the event would prove me to have been right; Mrs. Harold had thanked me and had shown that she understood. I asked for nothing more.

"I rode at her side during the whole of the remainder of that night, and the sight of her willowy figure, swaying gently to the motion of her horse, and of her calm, steadfast face, which the faint moonlight only half revealed, made me feel as though I was journeying through the darkness in the company of a guardian angel. The sense of my proximity to her, and my knowledge of the fact that her safety must largely depend upon me, upon my efforts, upon my wits, upon my courage, infused into me a new enthusiasm and energy, and fixed my determination to come out top, or die, solid as a rock. I, who had been so mightily afraid, longed now, positively longed to fight with dragons, not only for the British *Raj* in my little corner of India, but for her. That was a glowing hour too, and I thank God for it!

"Just after daybreak we came to the outskirts of the town, and I led the way up to my fort, which lay to the right of my bungalow, by a route that passed through the uttermost fringe of the crowded native ant-heaps. It was just as well, for though it was so early the place was thronged, and in a little open space a Muhamimadan mendicant in a long green gown was exhorting the people. His face, livid with excitement and contorted with enthusiasm, was straining heavenward, and his long, white beard flew back over

his shoulder as he poured out a stream of fierce words and jibes that bit deep into the hearts of his hearers. He was foretelling the downfall of the British *Raj*, the extinction of the infidel, and victory to the Children of the Prophet in the great *Jehad* now breaking over India. I could catch many of the brutal insults he was pouring upon our people, of the promises he was making to those who would rise against us, and I tell you my blood ran hot with rage as I listened to him.

"I wish we had half a company of our fellows here," said Harold hoarsely in my ear.

"I glanced over my shoulder at him, and I saw that he had gone white, white to the lips, and that his bridle-hand was trembling.

"A native in the crowd yelled something in a raucous, falsetto voice, and I caught the words at once.

"Your fellows down country have mutinied and killed their officers," I cried to Harold. "Did you hear what that man said?"

"God help us! God help us!" he exclaimed in that same hoarse, tense voice. "Let us get on . . . to the fort . . . to the fort!"

"A great strapping Muhammadan, a butcher in a red turban, leaped from the crowd, and seized the rein of Mrs. Harold's horse with one hand. The other held a meat chopper. The horse reared, and I saw her face rigid with fear as she gave a little cry. I rose in my stirrups, raised my loaded hunting-crop, and brought the butt down full between the fellow's eyes. He dropped like a log, and I heard the crunch of bones as Mrs. Harold's horse came down upon him heavily.

"Get on to the fort, Harold, in God's name, and take the ladies with you," I cried breathlessly, for now I was laying about me with that heavy butt, and the people, screaming with fear, were tumbling over one another in their

eagerness to get beyond the reach of my arm.

"I caught a glimpse of Mrs. Harold's face, flushed with excitement, her eyes flashing with enthusiasm and a sort of fierce delight.

"Oh, how splendid of you!" she cried. "How splendid!" and then she and Harold and his sister were off at a gallop up the hill towards the fort, Harold leading.

"The crowd had fallen back before me, and I rode straight at the Muhammadan preacher. He never moved, and the words streamed from him in an unbroken torrent. I hit him, as I had hit the butcher, full between the eyes, and I felt the bone shatter beneath the blow. Then I reined in my horse and turned upon the people, speaking to them over the writhing body of their prophet.

"You dogs!" I cried. "You dogs who dare to bark because fools tell you that the *Raj* of the British is ended, get to your kennels like the whipped curs you are! And when sense returneth to you, come to me at the fort craving pardon, lest I send word to the Government of the wickedness in your hearts, and the hide be stripped from you in punishment! Go!"

"And then, why then, and it brings tears to my eyes when I recall it—for they are men, these Muhammadans of India, though like children they be easily led astray or aright as a man may chance to lead them—the crowd set up a throaty shout, not of rage or of defiance, but of approval and admiration.

"It is well done!" cried many voices. "It is well done, and behold our Sahib is a man. Let the *Raj* stand or fall elsewhere, here the *Raj* and our Sahib are one; and see, the Sahib stands while the fool who spoke vain things lies yonder in the dust! It is in truth well done!"

"Haji Muhammad Akhbar stood for-

ward, and it seemed to me that he was somewhat swollen as to the neck, but it was he who led the shouting, and "It was well done, Sahib!" he cried, "And behold, the *Raj* stands! It is the will of Allah, the Merciful, the Compassionate!"

"I turned my horse slowly, and walked him up the hill to the fort. He was going very short, poor brute, after his long effort. As I neared the gate I saw that the Harolds had halted to see what was happening, and the thirty of forty troopers, men recruited for the most part from the neighboring hill-people, thronged the entrance, jabbering their delight. There was scant love lost between them and the natives of the town. But for me at that moment the world held only one thing—Mrs. Harold's face—and that too said, 'It is well done!' and I think also 'Thank you!'

"That was my great moment!

"After that there came some anxious times, but in the end mine was one of the districts that had no Mutiny history—there were heaps of them. It was a trying time, all the same, though I kept the work going as regularly as though nothing untoward was occurring out there in the vast battle-ground of British India, and it tried Harold badly. His nerve had been shaken by that scene in the town, and the worst of it was that he couldn't 'come again,' and that his wife saw it. I know she did, though she was too brave and too loyal to give a sign; and the thing hurt her badly, and me through her. I was for ever trying to cover up Harold's lack of pluck from her eyes, but he would not let it be hid. Sometimes a man who is full of fear seems to lose all shame; he did, and the exhibition was somehow degrading to all of us.

"At last it was safe for them to leave, and I thanked God for it, though life didn't seem to offer much to me when she had gone out of it. Anyhow, I

knew it was the only thing for me, if I was to avoid making an ass of myself, and she . . . well, she was everything that a woman ought to be!

"The evening before they were to go away I came upon her sitting in the veranda of my bungalow—we had moved out of the fort ages before, in spite of Harold's frenzied protests—and she began to speak at once of all, she was pleased to say, they owed to me.

"'Don't!' I said. 'It is I who owe a debt—to you. It is you who have helped me, helped me to play the man.'

"I don't think you wanted much help to do that," she said very seriously. I remember every word she uttered; I have repeated them to myself, so often, so often.

"'God knows I do,' I said roughly. 'And—and I want it now worse than ever before!'

"At that she drew in her breath with a little sharp inhalation, and there was something like fear in her eyes—those brave, true eyes that had always been so fearless.

"In a moment we were on our feet, facing one another, and her hands were in mine. I knew then, I know now, that I might have kissed her—that she would have suffered it, partly because she was sorry for me, partly because she liked me, partly because she was grateful to me—and the bare thought set all my young blood running redder in every vein. But . . . it would have hurt her; she would have given me something she could never take back, and later she might have known regret. Besides, I asked for no payment for the service of body and soul that I had given her so willingly, so gladly.

"Instead I stooped and kissed her hands.

"'Good-bye and God keep you!' I said, and turning left her.

"That, I know now, was my greatest

moment of all—a moment that might so easily have been spoiled, for her, for me!

"So now instead I have my memories—memories of things done, and one priceless memory of a thing left undone; and now, as I sit here waiting for the end, they give me all I ask of happiness and of contentment."

*The Cornhill Magazine.*

"But you must have got plenty of *kudos* for keeping that district quiet at such a difficult time," I remarked.

"*Kudos?*" he queried. "Oh, dear, no! You see, mine was one of the districts which had no Mutiny history, and there were heaps of them—heaps of them!"

*Hugh Clifford.*

### THE LONDON SUNDAY.

"Son-daye," an old writer calls "God's parle with dust"; and this quaint definition is worth the thinking on; for Sunday (especially the London Sunday) is a day of voices, the greatest of which perhaps is silence. For an invisible finger rests upon the city's mighty lip; its avaricious roar subsides; the fateful cries of this Amazon syren sound, if at all, but indistinctly—muffled—as from a distant chamber, the door of which some hand holds quietly ajar. Even the utterance of want seems stifled. Vagrants fret no more along the pavement; the licensed beggars of the Sabbath whine in daintier garments from a loftier place.

"God's parle" begins with silence; the hour of awakening starts with determined slumber. The prologue to this drama, wherein should move "bright shadows of true rest," is chanted before a lowered curtain; for in the homes of labor crazy blinds are drawn, and not till noon will the flutter of curl papers and shirt sleeves behind them proclaim the festal nature of the day. The dawn of it appears ungreeted, yet it is man's "walking hour"—the cool of his short day. The echoes of his great ode to labor die away; that sombre epic gives place to lyric liberty. The issues of a wider existence are to be tried in these spare hours of tranquillity;—the worker sleeps, but soon his heart will wake to its brief taste of life, and he

will rise a carpenter or sweep no longer, but the man he is, to paint in his own poor colors the clouded picture of his soul. He paints it often ill, under the eyes of the eternal taskmaster—wary of taskmasters divine or human,—athirst for freedom and repose.

The curtain rises to a sound of bells,—a significant prelude. Wedding bells, they are often enough, for those who cannot spare, even for such a ceremony, a more valuable day, and the vulgar symbol of plenty, strewn lavishly about the doorway, is a pathetic comment—when the bride and bridegroom have departed in impatient cabs—on the blessing they are never likely to enjoy. The bells tell of death too; they sing sweet reminders that rest is not unattainable, that somewhere, far off, it lurks for the weary at their day's end. Thus opening and closing life is heralded on these still mornings; though the sounds are so familiar, few pause to note the lessons of toll and chime.

Railway stations are favorite trysting places. There "journeys end in lovers' meetings," and these prosaic—often inarticulate—couples, whose easy manners and uncultured emotions do not meet the requirements of ideal courtship, don their embarrassing finery bravely and go duteously through their parts. They are used to witnesses,

### *The London Sunday.*

Privacy and solitude—did they know how to desire them—circumstance forbids; all they are to know of each other must be learnt in these snatched hours, when they may seize some realization of the personal value of their crowded life; the quietude of the streets, the easier passage of broad thoroughfares is no mean measure of their opportunity. Like the risen saints of old, they rise and "appear" to each other from the prisoning graves of toil.

In the park groups of idlers gather round the red flag of "liberty" and the sign of the dogmatic evangelist, which flutter side by side. Many are the friendly and menacing invitations extended to the passer-by. A gentleman (poor soul!) distributes pamphlets on a new doctrine, entitled "Comprehensionism," of which the prevailing characteristic seems to be incomprehensibility. It is founded on an allegorical interpretation of the "House that Jack built," and the prophet of this new gospel undertakes to regenerate humanity by means of the alphabet and numerals drawn in one continuous line, and a theory of color in which every virtue has its distinctive hue.

A "scripture spiritualist," stronger in faith than argument, gives way, on impertinent inquiries from the public, to material expressions of indignation. He shows a tendency to shift, rather than sift, examples, and on the betrayal of a listener's doubt as to the liberation of St. Peter from prison, parries the thrust with a vigorous: "Never mind then, 'oo rolled the stones of the sepellkur awly?"

Leaving the open air temple,—under dingier roofs, the doctrines of the red flag and incomprehensibility are expounded by cleanlier, if less vigorous prophets; and a strange study are these "fishers of men." Their various baits collected in a theological shop-window would make an interesting show. A

scholarly sceptic—professedly of the Established Church—is lecturing to a guild of factory girls on the "Art of being an Angel." "You will all, I suppose," he begins with weary cynicism, "hear yourselves called one some day." Warming to his subject and heedless of the conscious giggle his opening words excite, he paints, graphically enough, the wings which emancipation shall give them in the future. Not until their social freedom is fully consummated, he declares, need they strive or hope to soar.

Not far away a Catholic priest is exhorting some nuns, a cripple and his child, and his small red-robed acolytes to "shun the world and the lusts thereof—and pray, my brethren, for the blessed souls in purgatory; if those for whom you intercede have already entered Paradise, your prayers and offerings will be devoted by the holy saints to less fortunate spirits." And the unblessed souls whom he addresses, forgetting their closer purgatory, pray.

"Wot," shouts a fervid cockney evangelist to a sprinkling of hopeless ill-clad, ill-fed laborers, "wot is the matter with you? Discontentment; that's wot it is. You ain't satisfied that the world is round, you want it square. Are you 'appy with two 'orses to drive you? No. Wot you want is four."

Such crumbs of instruction and comfort are scattered broadcast upon the multitudes, and others of graver import and greater futility one may stop to hear.

Are these shadowy ineffectual answers given, one wonders, to a real and vital question asked by the mute glances of thousands of wan, dissipated and indifferent faces of the passers-by? "What shall we do to inherit eternal life?" They may deny derisively all interest in the query, but their looks belie them; some outcome indeed they seek of this world's hard

demands—some assured future, if it be but one of eternal rest.

Some of us fancy the sound of children's voices tunes better to birds' music than other human cries. And here in town the sparrows twitter while the city children sing their hymns and add their shrill not unmelodious notes to the day's silent music. Cowslip fields and rose-sprinkled hedges, paths walled in by corn and poppies—these the kindly year provides for little Sabbath idlers far away. Buff and blue sunbonnets flutter steadily up a village street in sight of watchers by a cottage door.

Here—in the sombre city—too, are children playing in gardens of the dead. Gray tablets flank the cinder-walks, up-rooted memories haunt the place. The thin, unchildish children spell out perhaps the grave inscriptions, making their tryst by a conspicuous stone. City babies, looking pathetically guilty of their own undesired existence, doze uncovered in the sun, while their young nurses play.

Old men and women sit on benches watching the scene with dim, indifferent eyes. They come perhaps to make acquaintance with the quiet neighbors below them whom they are so soon to join.

A small and ancient church stands in the midst of this enclosure. The open windows let through the sounds of a just ended service. Snatches of the last hymn steal out, broken by nearer voices, and reach the patient figures on the benches like music in a dream:—

Oh, how glorious and resplendent,  
Fragile body shalt thou be,  
When endued with so much beauty,  
Full of health, and glad and free;  
Full of vigor, full of pleasure—

then a shriek—a scuffle on the path before them, a squall and a confusion,—

That shall last eternally.

There are quiet unpretentious streets — restful and old-fashioned — which seem to have guarded the rare secret of repose. Something akin to peace lurks in the humble front parlors of these two-story dwellings, where wax flowers in a glass case, embedded in a rainbow mat, stand in the window. Or there are perhaps green boxes of carefully tended crocuses on the window-sill, set like a row of fairy foot-lights to the human scene within.

The Sabbath fire burns brightly; the modest householder sits near the light, his newspaper spread out before him. Bells are silent for awhile—the clatter of crockery supersedes them. Lovers sit round a small table, upon which aged glances beam. The birds still twitter from a neighboring square. The roar and rush of the weary workaday city seems far enough away. Later the lovers will be linked by a borrowed hymn-book in some Bethel near, fervently singing to each other, while the praise and prayer of hundreds of such simple people rise and die away amid the unheeding, unanswered world around them.

The lit windows of these scattered temples send gleams into the night. Brilliant saints and martyrs too, in red and gold and blue, appear like luminous visions from statelier walls, casting downward on humanity their soulless and transparent gaze.

There are sordid, noisy thoroughfares which drown defiantly, with their own wild cries, all that would rise above them.

Youths, linked sometimes six together, push roughly up and down, shouting and leering at hatless dishevelled girls, who pass them with an inviting jeer.

Squirt and flower-sellers sell popular wares. "One penny—the lady's tormenter—all one penny," "Vi'-lets—sweet vi'lets." Children dart in and out shrilly screaming—in chase, one

might think, of their own lost childhood—far indeed to seek.

To these, the day of speech and silence will lend never perhaps "a clue that guides through erring hours." They wander on—wanderers ever-making of these scant hours a muddler by-way to the broader passages of the dark week.

At length footsteps grow rarer; stray couples walk the deserted streets—the brilliant saints withdraw themselves mysteriously from view. "See you agin, Sunday," is the refrain at platforms, as the trains puff off, and more or less gallant swains swagger homeward to shift embarrassing attire.

The day of days is over. Monday, with its folly and tyranny, its vice and its bewilderment comes on apace.

Temple Bar.

Far off, across his quiet fields, the countryman scans the sky; but rain or shine, the city cares not; it ploughs and sows and reaps its human harvest whatever come.

To-morrow the lamps of lust and labor will again be lit; the "lamp that lights Man through his heape of dark days" is flickering to extinction now; the Voice that speaks with dust is soon to mingle its high music with man's most grovelling song.

Even now the door-keepers of the vast halls of toil and sin stir in their slumber, dreaming they hear the cry that rouses them—the immemorial, relentless cry: "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors—" for the Prince of this world must come in."

*Charlotte M. Mer.*

#### THE VICTORIAN WOMAN.

The world moves fast in these days, and we seem already to have left the Victorian age far behind us. For the most part we boast of Victorian achievements: Early Victorian literature, Victorian poets and novelists, Victorian men of science, Victorian triumphs in industry and inventions, Victorian geographical discoveries, Victorian conquests, all these things and many more we have judged, and they seem to most of us very good. But we are never tired of girding at Victorian manners, Victorian dress, Victorian furniture, and it is now the fashion to speak slightly of the Victorian woman. It is an unmannerly fashion; for these women were our mothers and our grandmothers, and what we distinguished beings are to-day they have made us. "A lobster does not bring forth an elephant; he conceivably might, but he never has," said one of the witty sages of *L'Orme du Mail* to me once, *à propos* of the revolutionists

who denounced the past. Enamored of themselves as are the women of to-day, they are emphatically the children of the despised Victorian.

She had a delightful reserve, the maiden of the middle eighteen hundreds, though she may have appeared at first sight obvious enough, discharging her little household duties with a pretty precision and a happy pride. But there was quality behind the easiness and prettiness, with that faint touch of the personally austere in which idealism has its root. Of self-indulgence there was comparatively little; the "times" did not favor it materially, and indulgence to others is not a soil in which indulgence to self flourishes. To be censorious was held up as the ugliest vice. But, above all, the young girl was a mysterious being. There was a mystery of strength in those simple quiet lives, a mystery too of dignity. Woman was the "pursued" not the "pursuer," and it was worth an

effort to be admitted to her sanctuary. Proud she was too, and nice in her acceptance of pleasant things offered her; nice also in her discrimination between the well and the not well, with a fine courage as of race.

This may seem to some a picture over-colored and unreal; but the history of the Victorian women known to fame is writ plain before us, and the private histories of women in countless families, the mothers, wives and sisters of the men of the century, tell the same tale. The estimation in which we hold the Victorian woman has suffered not a little from the "Amelias" and "Doras" of the great novelists; a type to be found in every country, though perhaps never very common, appealing rather to men than to women in the pathos of helplessness. It is said by painters that there is nothing in the art of portraiture more difficult than to make living, on canvas, a very young and beautiful woman, to suggest with sufficient tenderness and delicacy the temperament and character but half unfolded; so the novelist finds his greatest difficulty in drawing for us the young girl. The modern novelist indeed has frankly abandoned the attempt as impossible for him; even the great Sir Walter has not given us a noble picture of English girlhood. We must go to another than Scott, to Mr. George Meredith, for fine portraits of English girls, and I claim for them that the Victorian women sat as models.

It is often supposed that the Victorian girl was a poor creature, limited by the four walls of her mother's drawing room: a very bundle of prejudices and conventions, who fainted at every difficulty and wept on all suitable and unsuitable occasions. Such types belong to an earlier time, and may be found in Richardson's novels. Did not Lord Macaulay and his sisters once count the number of weepings and

faintings in which the "sprightly and accomplished Miss Byron" indulged between her acceptance of Sir Charles Grandison and her wedding day? Fine feelings and sentiment were then in vogue, and were carefully cultivated; but such was not the teaching given by our grandmothers to our mothers. *Noblesse oblige* was their text: they taught that an educated woman should be equal to any emergency; that a lady could be degraded only by what was within her, not by outward circumstance; that a gentlewoman should have as part of her equipment for life a knowledge of cooking and of needle-work—"that tobacco of women" as George Sand once said. Every woman should sew, they taught, for thus she was in sympathy with her poorer sisters of the needle, and to all her work she should bring that touch of delicacy and finish which must result from a good education. So the care of a household, the spending of money, the household budget, the education of children, the training young servants were considered high social duties, to which the wise woman would bring all her skill and courage. Is it conceivable that the servant question now always with us is in great measure caused by the absence of such training of the mistresses?

Other precepts were that a young mother should live a great deal with her children, teach them, play with them, read to them, be their playmate and their friend. It was no uncommon thing for a cultivated mother to teach her children, boys and girls, up to the time they went to school. Many distinguished men have been thus taught by their mothers. Perhaps in all degrees of social life the mother took a more active share in education than she does to-day. An elderly workman told the writer that his great love of history had come from his mother, who, in days long before school boards,

was wont, on one evening in the week, to bring out her basket of darning and patching, and gathering the children round her on the floor, to tell them tales from the history of England.

Life in Victorian days was, as we know, simpler and more frugal than it is now. The dress allowances of girls would alone prove this. The girl who received 30*l.* or 40*l.* a year was considered to have a good allowance; 50*l.* or 60*l.* was wealth. But whatever the income, it was a rule not to spend the whole of it, but to set aside some portion for generous purposes. We may contrast this with the remark of the up-to-date smart woman, "that the great thing in life is to look rich and give a halfpenny."

The word "smart," by the way, was thought a vulgarism. I am afraid that "smart" people would have been dubbed "vulgarians." The Victorian woman loved her home, and as a rule lived in it from year to year with but few changes, and curiously few amusements. The writer has heard it said of women belonging to an older generation that they had never been known to propose an entertainment for themselves. It would yet be wholly untrue to suggest that they were dull in their lives or lethargic in intelligence. They were perverse enough to like it so. "I find myself very good company" said one old lady. "I do not pay myself the ill compliment to suggest that I could be bored with myself." She kept a diary of the old-fashioned sort, not so much to chronicle events as to have a daily record of her life, her moods, her growth, her shortcomings and failings. It was full of shrewd humor and observation, with pathetic touches, as when, in complaining of failing health, she says: "Am getting to be too fond of sitting in easy chairs; mem.—to cure myself of this." Dear, delightful old lady, where shall we find your like!

It is impossible to speak of English girls of sixty years ago without a reference to Anthony Trollope's many and delightful heroines. Trollope has suffered a temporary eclipse, but I rejoice to know that he is becoming the fashion again, and must, one would think, live as the delineator of manners in the England of his day. He has caught some of the true spirit of the English girl—her courage, pride, self-reliance and delicacy, and has painted her for us with a loving hand. The scene on which his characters move is doubtless a narrow one; the outlook of his heroines is restricted, but the artistic *values* of his novels could not have been so true had it been otherwise. It must have been in the same spirit that Jane Austen conceived her work. There were exciting public events enough in her time, but there is hardly a trace of military men or adventure in any of her books. Both she and Trollope give us pictures of life in modest, quiet, peaceful homes, the normal conditions in which happy girlhood flourishes. The tone is subdued, but it is outside their scheme of color to introduce burning social questions, to make *romans à thèse*. The Victorian girl was a natural, normal creature, growing up under healthy, natural conditions, and Trollope has made delicate studies of her for us, if somewhat too photographically.

But there were women doing noble pioneer work. George Eliot was reaching out to larger and more generous issues; the sisters Brontë were beating out their passionate lives, like poor caged larks; Elizabeth Barrett Browning was rousing men to a sense of social injustice; Mrs. Gaskell wrote pleading the cause of the workers; Miss Nightingale inaugurated for us the system of modern nursing, and all up and down the country English women and English girls were teaching, working, nursing and befriending

the poor, whose lot in those hard days, but for them, would have been cruel indeed. *Autres temps autres mœurs.* The work of one generation can never be exactly the work of the next generation. The women of to-day are not called upon to carry on the efforts of their mothers and grandmothers on the same lines, or in the same spirit. But the Victorian woman did fine work in her time, and we may claim that she was ahead of public opinion on many social questions, and was a pioneer in the van of progress.

It is impossible not to note here one peculiarity of these efforts.\* Women were not hampered in those days by the desire to prove that they were a class apart, fighting for their own interests, a sort of I.W.P. They judged of work as good or bad, and were content to swell the sum of good work without ostensibly seeking to differentiate it as woman's work. The women I have spoken of had all of them had the training of the ordinary middle-class English girl. George Eliot in a farmhouse, the Brontës as poor clergyman's daughters, and Mrs. Browning as the squire's daughter. With the exception of the Brontës, whose circumstances forced them to an early maturity, all these women developed late, and had led quiet, peaceful lives in their families, with the inestimable boon of time to mature. Forced fruit is never so full of flavor or so plentiful as that which is visited by cold, and wind, and sun, and rain in turns, to ripen in due season. We may wonder whether Charlotte and Emily Brontë, George Eliot or Mrs. Browning, could have given us their beautiful gifts had they passed from high school to college, and from college to some public office. True, Mrs. Browning's rhymes and verses might have been more strictly correct, but would she have given us "The Cry of the Children," "Aurora Leigh," or the "Sonnets

from the Portuguese"? Was not the narrow hard life, was not the mysterious silence and solitude of the moors, necessary to the artistic work of the Brontë sisters as we have it? Would George Eliot's books have been what they were had she not lived those long, quiet, unevenful years 'mid pious farm laborers, patient kine, and all the happy, stirring sights and sounds of a busy farmyard?

Such speculations are surely not idle, for we have yet to learn whether the cast-iron discipline suitable to the youth will prove to be wisdom for the maiden, whether the commonwealth will not have to suffer for the tribute of women to the labor market.

But with these distinguished writers we have by no means exhausted the tale of remarkable Victorian women. In scholarship we have the well-known name of Miss Swanwick, in science that of Mrs. Somerville.

Mr. Gladstone has assured us that it was owing to women that the study of Italian was kept alive in England in the last century; it was certainly women who studied foreign literature with sympathetic interest, and who were able to converse in French and German. This really important service was rendered by cultivated women in every family in the country, and calls for no further notice. Mrs. Mill, on the other hand, was an inspiring and enduring influence; while Mrs. Carlyle will be remembered wherever Thomas Carlyle's work is spoken of. There were a host of lesser luminaries—Miss Yonge, Mrs. Jameson, Mrs. Grote, Mrs. John Austin, Miss Martineau, Lady Duff Gordon, and many more. I do not venture to name these ladies in order of merit; I speak of them as of those whose claim to distinction cannot be disputed. The names of ladies prominent in the political and social worlds will occur to every one—Lady William Russell, the

second Lady Stanley of Alderley, Lady Waldegrave, and many more.

I may be permitted to say a few words about Mrs. John Taylor, her daughter Sarah Austin, and her granddaughter Lady Duff Gordon. Mrs. John Taylor belonged to the remarkable group of clever, cultivated men and women living at Norwich from the middle of the eighteenth to the middle of the nineteenth century. Mrs. Taylor must have been a notable woman. She was spoken of as the "Madame Roland of Norwich." We hear of that "glorious grandmother dancing round the Tree of Liberty with Dr. Parr," in the excitement at Norwich on the fall of the Bastille; and in quieter mood, darning her boys' stockings; while she held her own with Dr. Southey, Brougham, and Mackintosh. The Taylors were not rich, but they kept open house to a distinguished company. Sir James Smith, Mr. Crabb Robinson, Mrs. Barbauld, Amelia Opie, Dr. Southey, the Gurneys, Martineaus, Mr. Wyndham, Mr. Smith—grandfather of Florence Nightingale, the Sewards, and Dr. Parr were constant visitors. In this frugal but interesting home Sarah Austin was brought up. She was the youngest of seven children, and her mother devoted much loving care to her education. Mrs. Taylor's letters written to "dear Sally" might be a *vade mecum* to the young girl going for the first time into the great world.

Sarah Taylor in 1819 married John Austin and the young married pair settled in the upper part of No. 1 Queen Square, Westminster, close to James Mill and Jeremy Bentham. In 1821 her only child Lucie, was born, and a very full and, indeed, arduous married life began for the young wife.

John Austin was of a sensitive, melancholy temperament, and suffered all his life from ill-health. Sarah Austin was gay and buoyant, a beautiful woman, and a brilliant conversational-

ist. She devoted her life to her husband to cheer and encourage him, and arranged everything in the little *ménage* to give him the fullest leisure, quiet, and freedom for his work. She gathered round her all that was best and most interesting in London society, while contributing largely to the household expenses with her pen. Of the life of the Austins in Germany and at Malta there is no space here to speak. Mrs. Austin, as many another Englishwoman before her time and since, showed a fine courage and devotion during the outbreak of cholera, which swept away 4,000 poor souls from the Rock. But her whole life on the island was devoted to the interests of the natives, in seeking to promote a worthy system of schools and education for the people, and in befriending art and artists wherever she could find them. "I will sell my gowns," says she in one of her letters, "rather than this poor artist should be disappointed." Not content with all this engrossing public work, she was devoting what leisure she had to the translation of Ranke. The Professor writes to her later "that the work has given him the greatest satisfaction."

Mrs. Austin's knowledge of foreign languages, her sympathy and interest in political and social questions, had won her many friends abroad. She had a large and varied correspondence with such men as Guizot, de Vigny, Auguste Comte, Victor Cousin, B. St-Hilaire, and many more, English as well as foreign. It would not be too much to say that she had a European influence. In spite of much sorrow in the protracted ill-health and at last the death of Mr. Austin, in anxiety for her beloved daughter, combined with very limited means, her interest in public questions never waned, and her friendships remained with her to the end.

The only child of such remarkable

parents, it would have been strange if Lucie Austin, afterwards Lady Duff Gordon, had been of the ordinary fibre. She grew to be a most beautiful woman, a graceful and gracious creature with something of the fairy princess about her. Brought up by her mother upon Latin and Greek, she early assimilated these languages, and added to them French, German, and Italian. At Boulogne she met the poet Heine, who was greatly attracted by the charming young English girl, and wrote in her praise the verses "Wenn ich an deinem Hause" to her "braune Augen." She married early Sir A. Duff Gordon, and was early struck with lung disease. The story of her exquisite translations—the *Amber Witch &c.*—and the fantastic tale of her life in the desert alone, surrounded by adoring natives, should be read in that most delightful and interesting book, *Three Generations of Englishwomen*, from which this short account has been taken. Lady Duff Gordon may be called a woman of genius and originality. Her warmth of heart and the sympathy she felt for victims of injustice all the world over will keep the unique blossom of her memory green.

Enough has been said, it would seem, to show that the Victorian woman had character, intelligence, plenty of originality, and "grit," and had, moreover, that which is a touchstone of character—true warmth of heart. Many distinguished women are with us to-day, but we shall do well in our English world if the next sixty years can produce a roll of names so justly considered as those I have cited.

We hear a great deal of cant about convention and the conventional. All

art, and every kind of society, even the most rudimentary, rests upon convention. Bees and ants appear to enforce theirs rigidly enough if we may judge by the bows of the queen bee's bodyguard and the other rites and ceremonies of the hive. It is a convention to eat mustard with beef rather than with mutton—open, of course, to us to disregard it, but long generations of men have found it eats best so, and life is too short to investigate and readjust every usage of society. Our mothers and grandmothers were content to accept many things as settled once and for all—*i.e.* that truth and loyalty were noble, falsehood and betrayal base; that in altruism rather than in egoism man found his truest life; that temperance was wiser than excess; that the strong should bear the burdens of the weak. Such confidence lent strength and serenity to their lives, and enabled them to give themselves to the work before them with a quiet mind.

If an impartial observer who had known the old régime and the new were asked to declare what consisted the chief difference, he would, I think, reply: "In the loss of the ideal, in the absence of sentiment." Sentiment, I know, is a "vile phrase," and has been greatly misused; but we lack a better word. One of our leading novelists—a woman—was lamenting to me the other day over the decline of feeling. "The rush, the infinite variety of the life of to-day robs women of the time to think and to feel. There is less deep feeling to-day than of old." If so, life will become a grayer, uglier, poorer thing than it was to our mothers and grandmothers—to the despised Victorian woman.

*E. B. Harrison.*

## LIFE.

## A HYPOTHESIS AND TWO ANALOGIES.

In many writings I have urged that life is not a form of energy, but is a guiding or directing principle—a guiding principle which can utilize and control terrestrial matter and energy to definite ends, producing results that would not otherwise have occurred, such as birds' nests and buildings, and the bodily organisms characteristic of animals and plants; but doing this always by directing otherwise existing energy along definite channels, and not affecting its quantity in the slightest degree. Furthermore, I have expressed the conjecture that life itself is not even a function of matter or of energy, but is something belonging to a different category; that by some means at present unknown it is able to interact with matter and energy for a time, but that it can also exist in some sense independently; although in that condition of existence it is by no means apprehensible by our senses. It is dependent on matter for its phenomenal appearance, for its manifestation to us here and now, and for all its terrestrial activities; but otherwise I conceive that it is independent, that its essential existence is continuous and permanent, though its interactions with matter are discontinuous and temporary; and I conjecture that it is subject to a law of evolution—that a linear advance is open to it—whether it be in its phenomenal or in its occult state.

It may be well to indicate what I mean by conceiving of the possibility that life has an existence apart from its material manifestations as we know

them at present. It is easy to imagine that such a view is a mere surmise, having no intelligible meaning, and that it is merely an attempt to clutch at human immortality in an emotional and unscientific spirit. To this, however, I in no way plead guilty. My ideas about life may be quite wrong, but they are as cold-blooded and free from bias as possible; moreover, they apply not to human life alone, but to all life—that of all animals, and even of plants; and they are held by me as a working hypothesis, the only one which enables me to fit the known facts of ordinary vitality into a thinkable scheme. Without it, I should be met by all the usual puzzles:—(1) as to the stage at which existence begins, if it can be thought of as "beginning" at all<sup>1</sup>; (2) as to the nature of individuality, in the midst of diversity of particles and the determination of form irrespective of variety of food; (3) the extraordinary rapidity of development, which results in the production of a fully endowed individual in the course of some fraction of a century.

With it, I cannot pretend that all these things are thoroughly intelligible, but the lines on which an explanation may be forthcoming seem to be laid down: the notion being that what we see is a temporary apparition or incarnation of a permanent entity or idea.

It is easiest to explain my meaning by aid of analogues—by the construction, as it were, of "models," just as is the custom in Physics whenever a recon-

<sup>1</sup>I doubt whether existence can be "begun" at all, save as the result of a juxtaposition of elements, or of a conveyance of motion. We can put things together, and we can set things

in motion—statics and kinetics—can we do more? Ether can be strained, matter can be moved: I doubt whether we see more than this happening in the whole material universe.

dite idea has to be grasped before it can be properly formulated and before a theory is complete.

I will take two analogies: one from Politics and one from Magnetism.

"Parliament," or "the army," is a body which consists of individual members constantly changing, and its existence is not dependent upon their existence: it pre-existed any particular set of them, and it can survive a dissolution. Even after a complete slaughter, the idea of the army would survive, and another would come into being, to carry on the permanent traditions and life.

Except as an idea in some sentient mind, it could not be said to exist at all. The mere individuals composing it do not make it: without the idea they would be only a disorganized mob. Abstractions like the British Constitution and other such things can hardly be said to have any incarnate existence: these exist only as ideas.

Parliament exists fundamentally as an idea, and it can be recalled into existence or re-incarnated again. Whether it is the same Parliament or not after a general election is a question that may be differently answered. It is not identical, it may have different characteristics, but there is certainly a sort of continuity; it is still a British Parliament, for instance, it has not changed its character to that of the French Assembly or the American Congress. It is a permanent entity even when disembodied; it has a past and it has a future; it has a fundamentally continuous existence, though there are breaks or dislocations in its conspicuous activity, and though each incarnation has a separate identity or personality of its own. It is larger and more comprehensive than any individual representation of it; it may be said to have a "subliminal self," of which any septennial period sees but a meagre epitome.

Some of those epitomes are more, some less, worthy; sometimes there appears only a poor deformity or feeble-minded attempt, sometimes a strong and vigorous embodiment of the root idea.

As to its technical continuity of existence and actual mode of reproduction, I suppose it would be merely fanciful to liken the "Crown" to those germ-cells or nuclei, whose existence continues without break, which serve the purpose of collecting and composing the somatic cells in due season.

Other illustrations of the temporary incarnation of a permanent idea are readily furnished from the domain of Art; but, after all, the best analogy to life that I can at present think of is to be found in the subject of Magnetism.

At one time it was possible to say that magnetism could not be produced except by antecedent magnetism; that there was no known way of generating it spontaneously; yet that, since it undoubtedly occurs in certain rocks of the earth, it must have come into existence somehow, at date unknown. It could also be said, and it can be said still, that, given an initial magnet, any number of others can be made without loss to the generating magnet. By influence or induction exerted by proximity on other pieces of steel, the properties of one magnet can be excited in any number of such pieces,—the amount of magnetism thus producible being infinite; that is, being strictly without limit, and not dependent at all on the very finite strength of the original magnet, which indeed continues unabated. It is just as if magnetism were not really manufactured at all, but were a thing called out of some infinite reservoir; as if something were brought into active and prominent existence from a previously dormant state.

And that indeed is the fact. The

process of magnetization, as conducted with a steel magnet on other pieces of previously inert steel, in no case really generates new lines of magnetic force, though it appears to generate them. We now know that the lines which thus spring into corporeal existence, as it were, are essentially closed curves or loops, which cannot be generated; they can be expanded or enlarged to cover a wide field, and they can be contracted or shrunk up into insignificance, but they cannot be created, they must be pre-existent; they were in the non-magnetized steel all the time, though they were so small and ill arranged that they had no perceptible effect whatever; they constituted a potentiality for magnetism; they existed as molecular closed curves or loops, which, by the operation called magnetization, could, some of them, be opened out into loops of finite area and spread out into space, where they are called "lines of force." They then constitute the region called a magnetic field, which remains a seat of so-called "permanent" magnetic activity, until by lapse of time, excessive heat, or other circumstance, they close up again; and so the magnet, as a magnet, dies. The magnetism itself, however, has not really died, it has a perpetual existence; and a fresh act of magnetization can recall it, or something indistinguishable from it, into manifest activity again; so that it, or its equivalent, can once more interact with the rest of material energies, and be dealt with by physicists, or subserve the uses of humanity. Until that time of re-appearance its existence can only be inferred by the thought of the mathematician: it is indeed a matter of theory, not necessarily recognized as true by the practical man.

Our present view is that the act of magnetization consists in a re-arrangement and co-ordination of previously existing magnetic elements, lying dor-

mant, so to speak, in iron and other magnetic materials; only a very small fraction of the whole number being usually brought into activity at any one time, and not necessarily always the same actual set. Only a small and indiscriminate selection is made from all the molecular loops; and it can be a different group each time, or some elements may be different and some the same, whenever a fresh individual or magnet is brought into being.

All this can be said concerning the old process of magnetization—the process as it was doubtless familiar to the unknown discoverer of the lodestone, to the ancient users of the mariner's compass, and to Dr. Gilbert of Colchester, the discoverer of the magnetized condition of the Earth.

But within the nineteenth century a fresh process of magnetization has been discovered, and this new or electrical process is no longer obviously dependent on the existence of antecedent magnetism, but seems at first sight to be a property freshly or spontaneously generated, as it were. The process was discovered as the result of setting electricity into motion. So long as electricity was studied in its condition of rest, on charged conductors, as in the old science of electrostatics or frictional electricity, it possessed no magnetic properties whatever, nor did it encroach on the magnetic domain: only vague similarities in the phenomena of attraction and repulsion aroused attention. But directly electricity was set in motion, constituting what is called an electric current, magnetic lines of force instantly sprang into being, without the presence of any steel or iron; and in twenty years they were recognized. These electrically generated lines of force are similar to those previously known, but they need no matter to sustain them. They need matter to display them, but

they themselves exist equally well in perfect vacuum.

How did they manage to spring into being? Can it be said that they too had existed previously in some dormant condition in the ether of space? That they too were closed loops opened out, and their existence thus displayed, by the electric current?

That is an assertion which might reasonably be made; it is not the only way of regarding the matter, however; and the mode in which a magnetic field originates round the path of a moving charge—being generated during the acceleration-period by a pulse of radiation which travels with the speed of light, being maintained during the steady-motion period by a sort of inertia as if in accordance with the first law of motion, and being destroyed only by a return pulse of re-radiation during a retardation-period when the moving charge is stopped or diverted or reversed—all this can hardly be explained until the intimate nature of an electric charge has been more fully worked out: and the subject now trenches too nearly on the more advanced parts of Physics to be useful any longer as an analogue for general readers.

Indeed it must be recollected that no analogy will bear pressing too far: it is bound to fail sooner or later, unless indeed it is no analogy, but the thing itself. All that we are concerned to show is that known magnetic behavior exhibits a very fair analogy to some aspects of that still more mysterious entity which we called "life"; and, if anyone should assert that all magnetism was pre-existent in some ethereal condition, that it would never go out of essential existence, but that it could be brought into relation with the world of matter by certain acts—that while there it could operate in a certain way, controlling the motion of bodies, interacting with forms of en-

ergy, producing sundry effects for a time, and then disappearing from our ken to the immaterial region whence it came—he would be saying what no physicist would think it worth while to object to, what indeed many might agree with.

Well, that is the kind of assertion which I want to make as a working hypothesis concerning life.

An acorn has in itself the potentiality, not of one oak-tree alone, but of a forest of oak-trees, to the thousandth generation, and indeed of oak-trees without end. There is no sort of law of "conservation" here. It is not as if something were passed on from one thing to another. There is no analogy to energy at all; there is analogy to the magnetism which can be excited by any given magnet: the required energy, in both cases, being extraneously supplied, and only transmuted into the appropriate form by the guiding principle which controls the operation.

We do not know how to generate life without the action of antecedent life at present, though that may be a discovery lying ready for us in the future; but even if we did, it would still be true (as I think) that the life was in some sense pre-existent, that it was not really created *de novo*, that it was brought into actual practical every-day existence doubtless, but that it had pre-existed in some sense too; being called out, as it were, from some great reservoir or storehouse of vitality, to which, when its earthly career is ended, it will return.

Indeed, it cannot in any proper sense be said ever to have left that storehouse, though it has been made to interact with the world for a time; and if we might so express it, it may be thought of as carrying back with it into the general reservoir any individuality, and any experience and training or development, which it can be thought of as having acquired here.

Such a statement as this last cannot be made of magnetism, to which no known law of evolution and progress can be supposed to apply; but of life, of anything subject to continuous evolution or linear progress embodied in the race, of any condition not cyclically determinate and returning into itself, but progressing and advancing—acquiring fresh potentialities, fresh powers, fresh beauties, new characteristics such as perhaps may never in the whole universe have been displayed before—of everything which possesses such powers as these, a statement akin to the above may certainly be made. To all such things, when they reach a high enough stage, the ideas of continued personality, of memory, of per-

sistent individual existence, not only may, but I think must, apply; notwithstanding the admitted return of the individual after each incarnation to the central store from which it was differentiated and individualized.

Even so a villager, picked out as a recruit and sent to the seat of war, may serve his country, may gain experience, acquire a soul and a width of horizon such as he had not dreamt of; and when he returns, after the war is over, may be merged as before in his native village. But the village is the richer for his presence, and his individuality or personality is not really lost; though to the eye of the world, which has no further need of it, it has practically ceased to be.

*The Hibbert Journal.*

*Oliver Lodge.*

#### DISESTABLISHMENT IN FRANCE.

The interest of Englishmen in the affairs of France has for some time past been limited to her policy in Morocco and its bearing upon her relations with Germany. But contemporaneously with the development of this policy a domestic change of great possible importance has been in progress. A Disestablishment Bill has been passed by the Chamber of Deputies and by the Senate, and will come into operation as soon as the regulations under which it is to be carried out have been framed by the Council of State. Henceforward the French Government will know nothing of the Catholic Church. It will have no dealings with it, except in the form of certain voluntary associations, into which Catholics will be invited to group themselves. To these associations the fabrics at present possessed by the various religious bodies will be handed over on their making application for them before a certain date. The salaries hitherto paid to the

clergy out of the public worship vote will be paid no longer, and if the bishops wish to retain possession of their "palaces," or the clergy of their parishes, they will have to rent them from the State. The immediate effect of these provisions will be to deprive the clergy of the chief source of their income. Under the Concordat established by Napoleon I., an archbishop received £600 a year, a bishop £400, and a parish priest from £36 to £50. They lived rent free, and the curés added something to their income by the *casuel*—that is, the offerings made at marriages, christenings, and funerals. In large towns the sums derived from this source were sometimes considerable, but in many country parishes it required all the economy that the priest could practise to enable him to live at all. Vested interests are only partially considered under the new law. A curé who has seen thirty years of service will only receive an annual pen-

sion of £20. These are the disadvantages which Disestablishment will impose upon the Church. On the other hand, she will receive a large measure of freedom in exchange. Under the Concordat, or the *articles organiques*, which the French Government regarded as part of it, all the higher officials—bishops, vicar-generals, canons, heads of seminaries, and rural deans—were appointed in concert with the Minister of Public Worship. The bishops could not meet in consultation without the permission of the Minister, and no bishop could leave his diocese without giving notice to the civil authorities. The intercourse of the clergy with the Pope was restricted by a law forbidding any Papal letter to be promulgated until it had received the sanction of the Government. All these arrangements are now at an end. The bishops will be appointed by the Pope, acting alone; the inferior dignitaries will be appointed by the bishops.

When we come to inquire what will be the effect of these measures on the religious condition of the French nation, only one thing can be asserted with any confidence. The character of the appointments made will undergo a great change. The majority of the Ministries under the Third Republic have been more or less on bad terms with the Vatican, and even under the Second Empire the Government took care to make bishops who would be submissive to the civil Power. The consequence was, that, with few exceptions, no conspicuous man among the French clergy had a chance of being promoted. It used to be said that the Pope had commonly to make his choice between a dull man of good character and an able man whose character did not quite stand investigation, and in this dilemma he naturally chose the dull man. Bishops appointed in this way naturally administered their own patronage, or so much of it as

needed the consent of the Government, on the same principle. The first qualification they sought for was the absence of anything that could attract the special hostility of the Minister. Now these difficulties will be no longer felt. The Pope, having only himself to consult, will in future pick out for the Episcopate the ablest and most energetic men he can find. The bishops will be equally anxious to surround themselves with capable officials, and the religious activity of the Church will be proportionately increased. The maintenance of the *status quo* will cease to be, as it is now, the aim of every ecclesiastical person, and the work of the clergy will assume something of a missionary character. But even missionaries must live, and the next question that presents itself is, how far they will be able to do this. The salaries hitherto paid them are gone, and in future they must rely wholly on the liberality of their flocks. In Paris and in the large towns there are Catholics enough to make the support of the clergy fairly assured. The new associations will command sufficient funds to keep up the existing salaries. In many parts of France one or two families will probably take the burden on themselves. There will remain a vast number of villages where there are no residents above a peasant or a small shopkeeper—classes in which religious indifference is almost universal, and which are not likely to see any gain in keeping up services that they have for the most part ceased to attend. Probably the Church will not attempt to maintain a resident clergy in these districts. Small colleges of priests will be set up, and from these, as from centres, the surrounding parishes will be served. It is obvious that the nature of the influence thus exercised, if it be exercised, will be very different from what it now is. Enthusiasm will take the

piece of an easy-going conservatism, the line between Catholics and non-Catholics will be much more sharply drawn, and the Church will set herself in earnest to make converts. That will be a new feature in French ecclesiastical politics, and it is conceivable that in the end the Government will find the Disestablished Church less easy to deal with than the Established.

Some apprehension of this may be detected in certain features of the new system. The Disestablished Church is not to be allowed the enjoyment of all the liberties ordinarily possessed by Frenchmen. Though the fabrics are to be made over to the new associations, and the priest, provided that the associations can either pay one or find one who will serve without payment, will preach and say mass as before, he must not think that he will be free to say what he likes in the pulpit. If a minister of the "Free Church" of France uses the same freedom of criticism in reference to Acts of Parliament that is used by ministers of the "Free Churches" in England, he will be subject to a heavy fine. Nor can he gather round him a congregation of his own opinions and exclude all others, for he must not lock the Church door. The associations will not be allowed to invest the money given to them by the faithful at their own discretion, it must be put into Government stocks; and the amount invested must not exceed the sum which will provide a

year's average expenditure by way of revenue. Nor may the property of an association be managed by the clergy. It will be in the hands of a board of men or women elected by the association itself. Even these restrictions did not satisfy the Socialist minority, and M. Combes said the other day that he accepted the Bill not as a perfect or final settlement, but as a first edition, to be amended and added to hereafter. With these drawbacks in evidence, it is not strange that French Catholics are not as yet agreed upon the line to be taken in reference to the new law. In a sense, they are free to accept it or to reject it. They may decline to form associations, and then the Government, having no one to whom to make over the churches, must either leave them in the hands of their present possessors, or eject these possessors, and secularize the buildings. In the former case, the existing arrangements would go on without the Church being forced to accept them as other than merely provisional. In the latter case the hope of the Catholic party will be that the nation, indifferent as in great part it is, will resent being deprived of its churches, and will punish the existing Government for making itself the instrument of this spoliation. So far as it is possible to judge from the recent history of French parties and French elections, this expectation seems to rest on very little foundation.

*The Economist.*

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## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

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Mr. Snead Cox has made considerable progress with the biography of his kinsman Cardinal Vaughan. It will occupy two volumes, and will contain an unsuspected wealth of intimate personal material in letters and diaries of

the late Cardinal. Messrs. Constable & Co. will be the publishers.

The letters of the late Earl of Lytton, which Lady Betty Balfour has already got into type, will contain a good deal

of interesting matter about the Brownings during their Florentine period. This record of personal intercourse gains added interest from the obvious influence of Browning, in some moods, over the verse of "Owen Meredith."

The inclusion of Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice as Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs with a peerage, and Mr. Winston Churchill as Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, adds considerably to the interest of the new English Ministry from a literary point of view. Rather oddly, they have both made a recent appearance as biographers, Lord Edmund as the author of the Life of Lord Granville, and Mr. Churchill as the author of the life of his father, Lord Randolph Churchill.

E. P. Dutton & Co. add to their Popular Library of Art, of which Mr. Edward Garnett is the general editor, a volume on Raphael, written by Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Ady). It forms a compact and clearly printed book of about two hundred pages, of convenient size; and gives, in outline, the essential facts relating to the personal history and artistic career of the great painter. Mrs. Ady understands the art of selection, and she has an agreeable literary style, even when writing within closely defined limits. There are fifty illustrations.

The Countess of Strafford has edited a fourth and final volume of "Leaves from the Diary of Henry Greville," and the book has been published by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. The first entry in the volume is dated December 17th, 1861, and the last September 1st, 1871. The Countess decided to bring the journals to a close at that point, as, although carried on in a desultory manner as far as April, 1872, the entries

are of less public interest, and many passages are of too private a nature for publication. The volume contains a comprehensive index covering the four volumes of the series.

Messrs. Hurst and Blackett are about to publish a "History of English Porcelain," by W. Moore Binns. The work deals with English porcelain from its birth in about 1744 to about the year 1850. It does not claim to be a history of English ceramics, but the author, as a practical potter, and one deeply interested in all that appertains to English china, has endeavored to point out and to draw conclusions from the practical side of "potting," and the technical peculiarities and differences which confront and frequently puzzle the amateur in order to extend, if possible, knowledge and understanding of Early English Porcelain. The illustrations have been selected as far as possible from private collections.

Arrangements have been made with Lord Curzon for the publication, by Messrs. Macmillan, of a selection from the speeches delivered in India and at home during the period of his Vice-royalty. The title of the book will be "Lord Curzon in India," and the speeches will be grouped according to subjects, and in them are explained the theory and objects of British rule in India, the character of the administration, the nature of the problems that confront the Government, and the manner in which they are being solved. A full introduction dealing with Lord Curzon's administration, and providing a nexus to the speeches, and a synopsis of the present condition of India under British rule, will be contributed by Sir Thomas Raleigh, who served for five years under Lord Curzon as Legal Member of Council.

